Julius Cæsar.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is now Acted

AT THE

Theatre Royal.

Written by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and *Richard Bentley* at the Post-House, in *Russel-street*, Covent-Garden, 1691.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

	Julius Cæſar,	Mr. *Goodman.*
	Octavius Cæſar,	Mr. *Perin.*
	Antony,	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Conſpirators,	Brutus,	Mr. *Betterton.*
	Caſſius,	Mr. *Smith.*
	Caſca,	Mr. *Griffin.*
	Trebonius,	Mr. *Saunders.*
	Ligarius,	Mr. *Bowman.*
	Decius Brutus,	Mr. *Williams.*
	Metellus Cimber,	Mr. *Monfort.*
	Cinna,	Mr. *Carlile.*
	Artimedorus,	Mr. *Percival.*
	Meſſala, and Titinius,	Mr. *Wiltſhire,* and Mr. *Gillo.*
	Cinna, *the Poet,*	Mr. *Jevon.*
	Flavius,	Mr. *Norris.*
	Plebeians,	Mr. *Underhill.* Mr. *Lee.* Mr. *Bright.*

WOMEN.

Calphurnia,	Madam *Slingsby.*
Portia,	Mrs. *Cook.*

Guards and Attendants.

Scene *ROME.*

THE

THE TRAGEDY OF Julius Cæsar.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Flavius, Caska, *and certain Commoners over the Stage.*

Flavius. HEnce: home, you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holyday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanical) you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the Sign
Of your Profession? Speak, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why, Sir, a Carpenter.

Cask. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What dost thou with thy best Apparel on?
You, Sir, what Trade are you?

Cobl. Truly, Sir, in Respect of a fine Workman, I am but, as you would say, a Cobler.

Cask. But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cobl. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may use with a safe Conscience, which is indeed, Sir, a Mender of bad Soles.

Flav. What Trade, thou Knave? Thou naughty Knave what Trade?

Cobl. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Cask. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy Fellow?

Cobl. Why, Sir, Cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cobl. Truly, Sir, all that I live by is with the Awl: I meddle with no Tradesman's matters, nor Womens matters; but withall I am indeed,

Sir, a Surgeon to old Shooes: when they are in great danger I recover them. As proper Men as ever trod upon Neats Leather, have gone upon my Handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why dost thou lead these Men about the Streets?

Cobl. Truly, Sir, to wear out their Shooes, to get my self into more Work. But indeed, Sir, we make Holy-day to see *Cæsar*, and to rejoice in his Triumph.

Cask. Wherefore rejoice?
What Conquest brings he home?
What Tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in Captive Bonds his Chariot Wheels?
You Blocks, you Stones, you worse than senseless things:
O you hard Hearts! you cruel Men of *Rome*;
Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft?
Have you climb'd up to Walls and Battlements,
To Towers and Windows? Yea, to Chimney Tops,
Your Infants in your Arms, and there have sate
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great *Pompey* pass the Streets of *Rome*?
And when you saw his Chariot but appear,
Have you not made an Universal Shout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath her Banks,
To hear the Replication of your Sounds,
Made in her Concave Shores?
And do you now put on your best Attire?
And do you now cull out a Holy-day?
And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph over *Pompey*'s blood?
Be gone;
Run to your Houses, fall upon your Knees;
Pray to the Gods to intermit the Plague,
That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good Country-men, and for this Fault,
Assemble all the poor Men of your sort;
Draw them to *Tyber* Banks, and weep your Tears
Into the Chanel, till the lowest Stream
Do kiss the most exalted Shores of all.

[Exeunt *all the Commoners.*

See where their basest Mettle be not mov'd,
They vanish tongue-ty'd in their Guiltiness:
Go you down that way, towards the Capitol,
This way will I: Dis-robe the Images,
If you do find them deck'd with Ceremonies.

Cask. May we do so?
You know it is the Feast of *Lupercal.*

Flav.

Flav. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with *Cæsar*'s Trophies: I'll about,
And drive away the Vulgar from the Streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing Feathers, pluckt from *Cæsar*'s Wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary Pitch,
Who else would soar above the View of Men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, Anthony *for the Course*, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, *a Soothsayer*: *after them* Murellus *and* Flavius.

Cæsar. Calphurnia.
Casca. Peace, ho, *Cæsar* speaks.
Cæs. Calphurnia.
Calph. Here, my Lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in *Antonio*'s way,
When he doth run his Course. *Antonio.*
Ant. Cæsar, my Lord?
Cæs. Forget not in your speed, *Antonio*,
To touch *Calphurnia*: for our Elders say,
The Barren touched in this Holy Chace,
Shake off their sterile Curse.
Ant. I shall remember;
When *Cæsar* says, Do this; it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.
Sooths. Cæsar.
Cæs. Ha! Who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace, yet again.
Cæs. Who is it in the Press that calls on me?
I hear a Tongue, shriller than all the Musick,
Cry, *Cæsar*: Speak, *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear.
Sooths. Beware the *Ides* of *March*.
Cæs. What Man is that?
Brut. A Soothsayer bids you beware the *Ides* of *March*.
Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his Face.
Cass. Fellow, come from the Throng, look upon *Cæsar*.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooths. Beware the *Ides* of *March*.
Cæs. He is a Dreamer, let us leave him: Pass.
[*Sennet. Exeunt. Manent* Brut. & Cass.

Cass. Will you go see the Order of the Course?
Brut. Not I.
Cass. I pray you do.
Brut. I am not Gamesom: I do lack some part
Of that quick Spirit that is in *Antony*.
Let me not hinder, *Cassius*, your Desires;

I'll

I'll leave you.

Cass. Brutus, I do observe you now of late
I have not from your Eyes that Gentleness
And Shew of Love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn, and too strange a hand
Over your Friend, that loves you.

Brut. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the Trouble of my Countenance
Merely upon my self, vexed I am
Of late, with Passions of some Difference,
Conceptions only proper to my self,
Which give some Soil (perhaps) to my Behaviours:
But let not therefore my good Friends be griev'd,
(Among which Number, *Cassius*, be you one)
Nor construe any further my Neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus* with himself at War,
Forgets the Shews of Love to other Men.

Cass. Then, *Brutus*, I have much mistook your Passion,
By means whereof this Breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great Value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me, good *Brutus*, can you see your Face?

Brut. No, *Cassius*:
For the Eye sees not it self, but by reflection,
By some other things.

Cassius. 'Tis just,
And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
That you have no such Mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden Worthiness into your Eye,
That you might see your Shadow.
I have heard,
Where many of the best Respect in Rome,
(Except immortal *Cæsar*) speaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this Age's Yoke,
Have wish'd, that noble *Brutus* had his Eyes.

Brut. Into what Dangers would you
Lead me, *Cassius*,
That you would have me seek into my self,
For that which is not in me?

Cass. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear:
And since you know you cannot see your self,
So well as by Reflection; I, your Glass,
Will modestly discover to your self,
That of your self, which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common Laughter, or did use
To stale with ordinary Oaths my Love,

To every new Protestor: if you know,
That I do fawn on Men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them: Or if you know,
That I profess my self in Banquetting,
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish and Shout.

Brut. What means this shouting?
I do fear the People chuse *Cæsar*
For their King.

Cass. I, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brut. I would not, *Cassius*, yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set Honour in one Eye, and Death i'th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the Gods so speed me, as I love
The Name of Honour, more than I fear Death.

Cass. I know that Vertue to be in you, *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward Favour.
Well, Honour is the Subject of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other Men
Think of this Life: but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing, as I my self.
I was born free as *Cæsar*, so were you,
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a Raw and Gusty day,
The troubled *Tyber*, chafing with her Shores,
Cæsar said to me, Dar'st thou, *Cassius*, now
Leap in with me, into this angry Flood,
And swim to yonder Point? Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow: so indeed he did.
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it,
With lusty Sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with Hearts of Controversie.
But e'er we could arrive the Point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, Help me, *Cassius*, or I sink.
I (as *Æneas*, our great Ancestor,
Did, from the Flames of *Troy*, upon his shoulder,
The old *Anchises* bear) so, from the Waves of *Tyber*,
Did I the tired *Cæsar*: And this Man

Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
A wretched Creature, and must bend his Body,
If *Cæsar* carelesly but nod on him.
He had a Fever when he was in *Spain*,
And when the Fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this God did shake:
His Coward Lips did from their Colour fly,
And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
Did lose his Lustre: I did hear him groan:
I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the *Romans*
Mark him, and write his Speeches in their Books,
Alas, it cryed, Give me some drink, *Titinius*,
As a sick Girl: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A Man of such a feeble Temper should
So get the start of the Majestick World,
And bear the Palm alone.

Shout. *Flourish.*

Brut. Another general Shout?
I do believe that these Applauses are
For some new Honours, that are heap'd on *Cæsar*.

Cass. Why, Man, he doth bestride the narrow World,
Like a *Colossus*, and we petty Men
Walk under his huge Legs, and peep about,
To find our selves dishonourable Graves.
Men, at some times, are Masters of their Fates.
The Fault (dear *Brutus*) is not in our Stars,
But in our selves, that we are Underlings.
Brutus and *Cæsar*: What should be in that *Cæsar*?
Why should that Name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together: Yours is as fair a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the Mouth as well.
Weigh them, it is as heavy: Conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.
Now, in the Names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what Meat doth this our *Cæsar* feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd.
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, since the Great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one Man?
When could they say (till now) that talk'd of *Rome*,
That her wide Walks incompass'd but one Man?
Now is it *Rome* indeed, and *Rome* enough,
When there is in it but one only Man.
O! you and I, have heard our Fathers say,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th' Eternal Devil to keep his State in *Rome*,
As easily as a King.

Brut. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter. For this present,
I would not (with so Love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd: What you have said,
I will consider: what you have to say
I will with Patience hear, and find a time,
Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
Till then, my Noble Friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Than to repute himself a Son of *Rome*
Under these hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cass. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much shew of Fire from *Brutus*.

Enter Cæsar and his Traine.

Brut. The Games are done,
And *Cæsar* is returning.

Cass. As they pass by,
Pluck *Casca* by the Sleeve,
And he will (after his sowre fashion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy Note to day.

Brut. I will do so: but look you, *Cassius*,
The angry Spot doth glow on *Cæsar*'s Brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden Traine;
Calphurnia's Cheek is pale, and *Cicero*
Looks with such Ferret, and such fiery Eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol
Being crost with Conference, by some Senators.

Cass. *Casca* will tell us what the matter is.

Cæsar. *Antonie.*

Ant. *Cæsar.*

Cæs. Let me have Men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed Men, and such as sleep a nights:
Yond *Cassius* has a lean and hungry Look,
He thinks too much: such Men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, *Cæsar*, he's not dangerous;
He is a Noble *Roman*, and well given.

Cæsar. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
Yet if my Name were liable to Fear,
I do not know the Man I should avoid
So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much,
He is a great Observer; and he looks
Quite through the Deeds of Men. He loves no Plays,
As thou dost, *Antony*: he hears no Musick;

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his Spirit,
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such Men as he be never at Hearts Ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear: for always I am *Cæsar*.
Come on my right hand, for this Ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him. [*Sennet.*

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*

Cask. You pull'd me by the Cloak, would you speak with me?

Brut. I, *Casca*, tell us what hath chanc'd to day,
That *Cæsar* looks so sad.

Cask. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Brut. I should not then ask, *Casca*, what had chanc'd.

Cask. Why, there was a Crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus, and then the People fell a shouting.

Brut. What was the second Noise for?

Cask. Why, for that too.

Cass. They shouted thrice; what was the last Cry for?

Cask. Why, for that too.

Brut. Was the Crown offer'd him thrice?

Cask. I, marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest Neighbours shouted.

Cass. Who offer'd him the Crown?

Cask. Why, *Antony*.

Brut. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Casca*.

Cask. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was meer Foolery; I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a Crown, yet 'twas not a Crown neither, 'twas one of these Coronets: and, as I told you, he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again: then he put it by again: But, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it, the third time, by, and still, as he refus'd it, the Rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty Night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the Crown, that it had almost choaked *Cæsar*: For he swounded, and fell down at it: And, for my own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my Lips, and receiving the bad Air.

Cass. But, soft, I pray you: what, did *Cæsar* swound?

Cask. He fell down in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling-sickness.

Cass. No, *Cæsar* hath it not: but you, and I,
And honest *Casca*, we have the Falling-sickness.

Cask.

Cask. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure *Cæsar* fell down. If the Tag-rag People did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true Man.

Brut. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Cask. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the Common Herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluck'd me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut, and I had been a Man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to Hell among the Rogues, and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their Worships to think it was his Infirmity. Three or Four Wenches, where I stood, cryed, Alas, good Soul, and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them: If *Cæsar* had stabb'd their Mothers they would have done no less.

Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away?

Cask. I.

Cass. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cask. I, he spoke Greek.

Cass. To what Effect?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'th' face again. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads: but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: *Murellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarfs off *Cæsar*'s Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cass. Will you sup with me, to night, *Casca*?

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cass. Will you dine with me to morrow?

Cask. I, if I be alive, and your Mind hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Cass. Good, I will expect you.

Cask. Do so: Farewel both. [*Exit.*

Brut. What a blunt Fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick Mettle when he went to School.

Cass. So he is now, in Execution
Of any bold or Noble Enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy Form:
This Rudeness is a Sawce to his good Wit,
Which gives Men stomach to digest his words
With better Appetite.

Brut. And so it is:
For this time I will leave you:
To morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you: or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cass. I will do so: till then think of the World.

[*Ex.* Brut.

Well, *Brutus*, thou art Noble: yet I see,

Thy

Thy Honourable Mettle may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd; therefore it is meet,
That Noble Minds keep ever with their Likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humour me. I will this Night,
In several Hands, in at his Windows throw,
As if they came from several Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great Opinion
That *Rome* holds of his Name: wherein obscurely
Cæsar's Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Casca, *and* Trebonius.

Treb. Good Even, *Casca*: brought you *Cæsar* home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*,
I have seen Tempests, when the scolding Winds
Have riv'd thy knotty Oaks, and I have seen
Th' ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatning Clouds:
But never till to Night, never till now,
Did I go through a Tempest-dropping-fire.
Either there is a Civil Strife in Heaven,
Or else the World, too sawcy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send Destruction.
Treb. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
Casca. A common Slave, you know him well by sight,
Held up his left Hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty Torches joyn'd, and yet his Hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, I ha' not since put up my Sword,
Against the Capitol I met a Lion,
Who gaz'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without anoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap, a hundred ghastly Women,
Transform'd with their fear, who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the Streets.
And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,
Even at Noon-day, upon the Market-place,
Howting and shrieking. When these Prodigies
Do so conjoyntly meet, let not Men say,
These are their Reasons, they are Natural:

For

For I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the Climate that they point upon.
Treb. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:
But Men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes *Cæsar* to the Capitol to morrow?
Cask. He doth: For he did bid *Antonius*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.
Treb. Good night then, *Casca*:
This disturbed Sky is not to walk in.
Cask. Farewel, *Trebonius*. [*Ex. Cicer.*

Enter Cassius.

Cass. Who's there?
Cask. A *Roman*.
Cass. *Casca* by your Voice.
Cask. Your Ear is good.
Cassius, what night is this?
Cass. A very pleasing Night to honest Men.
Cask. Who ever knew the Heavens menace so?
Cass. Those that have known the Earth so full of Faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the Streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous Night;
And thus unbraced, *Casca*, as you see,
Have bar'd my Bosom to the Thunder-stone:
And when the cross, blue Lightning seem'd to open
The Breast of Heaven, I did present my self
Even in the Aim, and very Flash of it.
Cask. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Heavens?
It is the part of Men, to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty Gods, by Tokens, send
Such dreadful Heraulds, to astonish us.
Cass. You are dull, *Casca*:
And those sparks of Life, that should be in a *Roman*,
You do want, or else you use not.
You look pale, and gaze, and put on Fear,
And cast your self in Wonder,
To see the strange Impatience of the Heavens:
But if you would consider the true Cause,
Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from Quality and Kind,
Why Old Men, Fools, and Children calculate,
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monstrous Quality; why you shall find,
That Heaven hath infus'd them with these Spirits,
To make them Instruments of Fear, and Warning,

Unto

Unto some Monstrous State.
Now could I, *Casca*, name to thee a Man,
Most like this dreadful Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and roars,
As doth the Lion in the Capitol:
A Man no mightier than thy self, or me,
In Personal Action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful as these strange Eruptions are.

Cask. 'Tis *Cæsar* that you mean:
Is it not, *Cassius*?

Cass. Let it be who it is: for *Romans* now,
Have Thews, and Limbs, like to their Ancestors;
But we the while, our Fathers Minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers Spirits,
Our Yoke and Sufferance shews us Womanish.

Cask. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
Mean to establish *Cæsar* as a King:
And he shall wear his Crown by Sea and Land,
In every place, save here in *Italy*.

Cass. I know where I will wear this Dagger then;
Cassius from Bondage will deliver *Cassius*:
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye Gods, you Tyrants do defeat.
Nor stony Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brass,
Nor air-less Dungeon, nor strong Links of Iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of Spirit:
But Life, being weary of these worldly Bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss it self.
If I know this, know all the World besides,
That part of Tyranny that I do bear,
I can shake off at Pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

Cask. So can I:
So every Bond-man in his own hand bears
The Power to cancell his Captivity.

Cass. And why should *Cæsar* be a Tyrant then?
Poor Man, I know he would not be a Wolf,
But that he sees the *Romans* are but Sheep:
He were no Lyon, were not *Romans Hinds*.
Those that with haste will make a mighty Fire,
Begin it with weak Straws. What Trash is *Rome*?
What Rubbish, and what Offal? when it serves
For the base Matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæsar*. But, Oh Grief,
Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speak this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And Dangers are to me indifferent.

Cask.

Cask. You speak to *Caska*, and to such a Man,
That is no fleering Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious for redress of all these Griefs,
And I will set this Foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cass. There's a Bargain made.
Now know you, *Caska*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest minded *Romans*
To undergo, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honourable dangerous Consequence;
And I do know by this, they stay for me
In *Pompey*'s Porch: for now this fearful Night,
There is no stir or walking in the Streets;
And the Complexion of the Element
In Favour's like the Work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Cask. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

Cass. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his Gate,
He is a Friend. *Cinna*, Where haste you so?

Cinna. To find out you: Who's that, *Metellus Cimber?*

Cass. No, it is *Caska*; one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for, *Cinna*?

Cin. I am glad on't.
What a fearful Night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange Sights.

Cass. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are. O *Cassius*,
If you could but win the Noble *Brutus*
To our Party——

Cass. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this Paper,
And look you lay it in the Prætor's Chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it: and throw this
In at his Window: set this up with Wax
Upon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repair to *Pompey*'s Porch, where you shall find us.
Are *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?

Cin. All but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone
To seek you at your House. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these Papers as you bad me.

Cass. That done, repair to *Pompey*'s Theatre.

[*Exit* Cinna.

Come, *Caska*, you and I will yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his House: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the Maventire

Upon the next Encounter, yields him ours.

Cask. O, he sits high in all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appear Offence in us,
His Countenance, like richest *Alchymy*,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his Worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited: let us go,
For it is after Mid-night, and e'er day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus *in his Orchard.*

Brut. What, *Lucius*, ho?
I cannot, by the Progress of the Stars,
Give guess how near to day—*Lucius*, I say?
I would it were my Fault to sleep so soundly.
When, *Lucius*, when? awake, I say: what, *Lucius*?

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

Brut. Get me a Taper in my Study, *Lucius*:
When it is lighted come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Brut. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no Personal Cause, to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be Crown'd:
How that might change his Nature, there's the Question?
It is the bright Day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craves wary walking: Crown him that,
And then I grant we put a Sting in him,
That, at his will, he may do Danger with.
Th' Abuse of Greatness, is, when it disjoyns
Remorse from Power: And to speak truth of *Cæsar*,
I have not known, when his Affections sway'd
More than his Reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That Lowliness is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber upwards turns his Face:
But when he once attains the upmost Round,
He then unto the Ladder turns his Back,
Looks in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees.

By which he did ascend: so *Cæsar* may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the Quarrel
Will bear no Colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these Extremities:
And therefore think him as a Serpent's Egg,
Which hatch'd, would as his kind grow mischievous;
And kill him in the Shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to Bed.

[*Gives him the Letter.*

Brut. Get you to bed again, it is not day:
Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of *March?*
Luc. I know not, Sir.
Brut. Look in the Calendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*
Brut. The Exhalations, whizzing in the Air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the Letter, and reads.*

Brutus, *thou sleep'st; awake and see thy self:*
Shall Rome, *&c. speak, strike, redress;*
Brutus, *thou sleepest: awake.*

Such Instigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up:
Shall Rome, *&c.* Thus must I piece it out,
Shall *Rome* stand under one Man's Awe? What *Rome?*
My Ancestors did from the Streets of *Rome*
The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speak, strike, redress. Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O *Rome*, I make thee promise,
If the Redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full Petition at the Hand of *Brutus.*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, *March* is wasted Fifteen Days.

[*Knock within.*

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks.
Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first Motion, all the *Interim* is

Like a *Phantasma*, or a hideous Dream:
The *Genius*, and the mortal Instruments
Are then in Councel; and the State of Man,
Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother *Cassius* at the Door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Brut. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Brut. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Ears,
And half their Faces buried in their Cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them,
By any mark of Favour.

Brut. Let 'em enter:
They are the Faction. O Conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When Evils are most free! O then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracy,
Hide it in Smiles and Affability:
For if thou path thy Native Semblance on,
Not *Erebus* it self were dim enough,
To hide thee from Prevention.

Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Cinna,
Metellus *and* Trebonius.

Cass. I think we are too bold upon your Rest:
Good morrow, *Brutus*, do we trouble you?

Brut. I have been up this hour, awake all Night:
Know I these Men, that come along with you?

Cass. Yes, every Man of them; and no Man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that Opinion of your self,
Which every Noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius*.

Brut. He is welcome hither.

Cass. This, *Decius Brutus*.

Brut. He is welcome too.

Cass. This, *Caska*; this, *Cinna*; and this *Metellus Cimber*.

Brut. They all are welcome.
What watchful Cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your Eyes and Night?

Caſſ. Shall I intreat a word? [*They whiſper.*

Decius. Here lies the Eaſt: doth not the Day break here?

Cask. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon' grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Meſſengers of Day.

Cask. You ſhall confeſs, that you are both deceiv'd:
Here, as I point my Sword, the Sun ariſes,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful Seaſon of the Year,
Some two Months hence, up higher toward the North
He firſt preſents his Fire, and the high Eaſt
Stands as the Capitol directly here.

Brut. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Caſſ. And let us ſwear our Reſolution.

Brut. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of Men,
The Sufferance of our Souls, the times Abuſe;
If theſe be Motives weak, break off betimes,
And every Man hence, to his idle Bed:
So let high-ſighted Tyranny range on,
Till each Man drop by Lottery. But if theſe
(As I am ſure they do) bear Fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to ſteal with Valour
The melting Spirits of Women. Then, Countrymen,
What need we any Spur, but our own Cauſe,
To prick us to Redreſs? What other Bond,
Than ſecret *Romans*, that have ſpoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Than Honeſty to Honeſty ingag'd,
That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it.
Swear Prieſts and Cowards, and Men cautelous,
Old feeble Carrions, and ſuch ſuffering Souls
That welcome Wrongs: Unto bad Cauſes, ſwear
Such Creatures as Men doubt; but do not ſtain
The even Vertue of our Enterprize,
Nor th' inſuppreſſive Mettle of our Spirits,
To think, that, or our Cauſe, or our Performance
Did need an Oath. When every drop of Blood
That every *Roman* bears, and Nobly bears,
Is guilty of a ſeveral Baſtardy,
If he do break the ſmalleſt Particle
Of any Promiſe that hath paſs'd from him.

Caſſ. But what of *Cicero*? Shall we ſound him?
I think he will ſtand very ſtrong with us.

Cask. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Metel. O let us have him! for his Silver Hairs
Will purchaſe us a good Opinion:

And

And buy Men's Voices, to commend our Deeds:
It shall be said, his Judgment rul'd our Hands,
Our Youths and Wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his Gravity.

Brut. O name him not; let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other Men begin.

Cass. Then leave him out.

Cask. Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no Man else be touch'd, but only *Cæsar*?

Cass. Decius, well urg'd: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of *Cæsar*,
Should out-live *Cæsar*, we shall find of him
A shrewd Contriver. And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.

Brut. Our Course will seem too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
To cut the Head off, and then hack the Limbs,
Like Wrath in Death, and Envy afterwards;
For *Antony* is but a Limb of *Cæsar*.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers, *Caius*.
We all stand up against the Spirit of *Cæsar*,
And in the Spirit of Men there is no Blood.
O that we then could come by *Cæsar*'s Spirit,
And not dismember *Cæsar*! But (alas!)
Cæsar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,
Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully;
Let's Carve him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carkass fit for Hounds;
And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,
Stir up their Servants to an act of Rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our Purpose necessary, and not envious.
Which so appearing to the common Eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him:
For he can do no more than *Cæsar*'s Arm,
When *Cæsar*'s Head is off.

Cass. Yet I fear him,
For the ingrafted Love he bears to *Cæsar*.

Brut. Alas! good *Cassius*, do not think of him:
If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for *Cæsar*;
And that were much he should; for he is given
To Sports, to Wildness, and much Company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die,
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

Clock ſtrikes.

Brut. Peace, count the Clock.
Caſſ. The Clock hath ſtricken Three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Caſſ. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether *Cæſar* will come forth to day, or no:
For he is Superſtitious grown of late,
Quite from the main Opinion he held once,
Of Fantaſie, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:
It may be, theſe apparent Prodigies,
The unaccuſtom'd Terrour of this Night,
And the Perſwaſion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to Day.
Decius. Never fear that: If he be ſo reſolv'd,
I can o'er ſway him: For he loves to hear,
That Unicorns may be betray'd with Trees,
And Bears with Glaſſes, Elephants with Holes,
Lions with Toyls, and Men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him he hates Flatterers,
He ſays, he does? being then moſt flattered.
Let me work:
For I can give his Humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Caſſ. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Brut. By the eighth Hour, is that the uttermoſt?
Cin. Be that the uttermoſt: and fail not then.
Met. Cimbe Ligarius doth bear *Cæſar* hard,
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of *Pompey*,
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him Reaſons,
Send him but hither, and I'll faſhion him.
Caſſ. The Morning comes upon's:
We'll leave you, *Brutus*,
And Friends diſperſe your ſelves; but all remember
What you have ſaid, and ſhew your ſelves true *Romans*.
Brut. Good Gentlemen, look freſh and merrily,
Let not our Looks put on our Purpoſes,
But bear it as our *Roman* Actors do,
With untir'd Spirits, and formal Conſtancy.
And ſo Good-morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus.

Boy; *Lucius*: Faſt aſleep? It is no matter,
Enjoy the Honey-heavy Dew of Slumber:
Thou haſt no Figures, nor no Fantaſies,

Which

Which busie Care draws in the Brains of Men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Port. Brutus, my Lord.

Brut. Portia, What mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your Health, thus to commit
Your weak Condition to the raw cold Morning.

Port. Nor for yours neither. Y'have ungently, *Brutus*,
Stole from my Bed: and yesternight at Supper
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your Arms a-cross,
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me, with ungentle Looks:
I urg'd you farther; then you scratch'd your Head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your Foot:
Yet I insisted; yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry Wafter of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you; So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that Impatience,
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withal,
Hoping it was but an Effect of Humour,
Which sometime hath his Hour with every Man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your Shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your Condition,
I should not know you, *Brutus*. Dear my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your Cause of Grief.

Brut. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Port. Brutus is wise, and were he not in Health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Brut. Why, so I do: good *Portia*, go to bed.

Port. Is *Brutus* sick? And is it Physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the Humours
Of the dank Morning? What, is *Brutus* sick?
And will he steal out of his wholsome Bed,
To dare the vile Contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rheumy, and unpurged Air,
To add unto his Sickness? No, my *Brutus*,
You have some sick Offence within your Mind,
Which, by the Right, and Vertue of my Place,
I ought to know of: And upon my Knees,
I charm you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your Vows of Love, and that great Vow,
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,

Why you are heavy, and what Men to night
Have had Resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their Faces
Even from Darkness.

Brut. Kneel not, gentle *Portia.*

Port. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus.*
Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me, *Brutus,*
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets
That appertain to you? Am I your Self,
But as it were in Sort, or Limitation?
To keep with you at Meals, comfort your Bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good Pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.

Brut. You are my true, and Honourable Wife,
As dear to me, as are the ruddy Drops,
That visit my sad Heart.

Port. If this were true, then should I know this Secret.
I grant I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman that Lord *Brutus* took to Wife:
I grant I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman well reputed: *Cato*'s Daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my Sex,
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?
Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong Proof of my Constancy;
Giving my self a voluntary Wound
Here, in the Thigh: Can I bear that with Patience,
And not my Husband's Secrets?

Brut. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. [*Knock.*
Hark, hark, one knocks: *Portia* go in a while,
And by and by thy Bosom shall partake
The Secrets of my Heart.
All my Engagements I will construe to thee,
All the Characters of my Sad Brows:
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* Portia.

Enter Lucius *and* Ligarius.

Lucius, Who's that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick Man that would speak with you.

Brut. Caius Ligarius, that *Metellus* spake of.
Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius,* how?

Caius. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble Tongue.

Brut. O what a time have you chose out, brave *Caius,*
To wear a Kerchief? Would you were not sick.

Caius. I am not sick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any Exploit worthy the Name of Honour.

Brut. Such an Exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,
Had you a healthful Ear to hear of it.

Caius. By all the Gods, that *Romans* bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of *Rome*,
Brave Son, deriv'd from Honourable Loins,
Thou, like an Exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Brut. A piece of Work,
That will make sick Men whole.

Caius. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Brut. That must we also. What it is, my *Caius*,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Caius. Set on your Foot,
And with a Heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That *Brutus* leads me on. [*Thunder.*

Brut. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Julius Cæsar, *in his Night-Gown.*

Cæs. Nor Heaven, nor Earth,
Have been at Peace to Night:
Thrice hath *Calphurnia*, in her Sleep cry'd out;
Help, ho! They murther *Cæsar*. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord.

Cæs. Go, bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their Opinions of Success.

Serv. I will, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, *Cæsar*, think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your House to day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my Back: When they shall see,
The Face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.

Calph. Cæsar, I never stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,

Recount

Recounts most horrid Sights, seen by the Watch.
A Lioness hath whelped in the Streets,
And Graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead,
Fierce fiery Warriours fight upon the Clouds,
In Ranks and Squadrons, and right Form of War,
Which drizled Blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of Battel hurtled in the Air;
Horses do neigh, and dying Men did groan,
And Ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O *Cæsar*, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose End is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: for these Predictions
Are to the World in general, as to *Cæsar*.

Calph. When Beggars die there are no Comets seen;
The Heavens themselves blaze forth the Death of Princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their Deaths;
The valiant never taste of Death but once:
Of all the Wonders, that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that Men should fear,
Seeing that Death, a necessary End;
Will come when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to day.
Plucking the Intrails of an Offering forth,
They could not find a Heart within the Beast.

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:
Cæsar should be a Beast without a Heart
If he should stay at home to day for fear;
No, *Cæsar* shall not; Danger knows full well,
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he.
We hear two Lyons litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Calph. Alas, my Lord,
Your Wisdom is consum'd in Confidence:
Do not go forth to day: call it my Fear,
That keeps you in the House, and not your own.
We'll send *Mark Antony* to the Senate-house,
And he shall say, you are not well to day:
Let me, upon my Knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And for thy Humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Decius. *Cæsar*, all hail: Good morrow, worthy *Cæsar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my Greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to day, tell them so, *Decius*.

Calph. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* send a Lye?
Have I in Conquest stretch'd mine Arm so far,
To be afraid to tell Grey-beards the Truth;

Decius, Go, tell them, *Cæsar* will not come.

Dec. Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some Cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The Cause is in my Will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfie the Senate.
But for your private Satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia, here, my Wife, stays me at home:
She dream'd to night, she saw my Statue,
Which, like a Fountain, with an hundred Spouts,
Did run pure Blood; and many lusty *Romans*
Came smiling, and did bathe their Hands in it;
And these does she apply, for Warnings and Portents,
And Evils imminent; and on her Knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Dec. This Dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a Vision fair and fortunate:
Your Statue, spouting Blood in many Pipes,
In which so many smiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies, That from you great *Rome* shall suck
Reviving Blood, and that great Men shall press
For Tinctures, Stains, Reliques, and Cognisance.
This, by *Calphurnia*'s Dream, is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now, the Senate have concluded,
To give, this day, a Crown to mighty *Cæsar*.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their Minds may change. Besides, it were a Mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the Senate, till another time:
When *Cæsar*'s Wife shall meet with better Dreams.
If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Loe, *Cæsar* is afraid?
Pardon me, *Cæsar*, for my dear, dear Love
To your Proceeding, bids me tell you this:

And Reason to my Love is liable.
Caſ. How fooliſh do your Fears ſeem now, *Calphurnia!*
I am aſhamed I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebonius, Cinna, *and* Publius.

And look where *Publius* is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, *Cæſar.*
Caſ. Welcome, *Publius.*
What, *Brutus*, are you ſtirr'd ſo early too?
Good morrow, *Caska*, *Caius Ligarius*;
Cæſar was ne'er ſo much your Enemy,
As that ſame Ague which hath made you lean.
What is't a Clock?
Brut. Cæſar, 'tis ſtrucken Eight.
Caſ. I thank you for your Pains and Courteſie.

Enter Antony.

See, *Antony*, that revels long a-nights
Is notwithſtanding up. Good morrow, *Antony.*
Ant. So to moſt Noble *Cæſar.*
Caſ. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, *Cinna*; now, *Metellus*: what, *Trebonius*;
I have an hour's talk in ſtore for you;
Remember that you call on me to day;
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæſar, I will: and ſo near will I be,
That your beſt Friends ſhall wiſh I had been further.
Caſ. Good Friends, go in, and taſte ſome Wine with me,
And we (like Friends) will ſtraightway go together.
Brut. That every like is not the ſame, O *Cæſar*!
The Heart of *Brutus* earns to think upon. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Artemidorus.

Cæſar, *beware of* Brutus, *take heed of* Caſſius; *come not near* Caska, *have an eye to* Cinna, *truſt not* Trebonius, *mark well* Metellus Cimber, Decius Brutus *loves thee not: Thou haſt wrong'd* Caius Ligarius. *There is but one Mind in all theſe Men, and it is bent againſt* Cæſar: *If thou beeſt not Immortal, look about you. Security gives way to Conſpiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee.*

Thy Lover, *Artemidorus.*

Herewill I ſtand, till *Cæſar* paſs along,

My

My Heart laments, that Vertue cannot live
Out of the Teeth of Emulation.
If thou read this, O *Cæsar*, thou may'ſt live,
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

Enter Portia *and* Lucius.

Port. I prithee, Boy, run to the Senate-houſe,
Stay not to anſwer me, but get thee gone.
Why doſt thou ſtay?
Luc. To know my Errand, Madam.
Port. I would have had thee there and here again,
E'er I can tell thee what thou ſhould'ſt do there:
O Conſtancy! be ſtrong upon my ſide,
Set a huge Mountain 'tween my Heart and Tongue:
I have a Man's Mind, but a Woman's Might:
How hard it is for Women to keep Counſel.
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what ſhould I do;
Run to the Capitol, and nothing elſe,
And ſo return to you, and nothing elſe?
Port. Yes, bring me word, Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went ſickly forth: and take good Note
What *Cæſar* doth, what Suitors preſs to him.
Hark, Boy, what Noiſe is that?
Luc. I hear none, Madam.
Port. Prithee, liſten well:
I heard a buſtling Rumour, like a Fray,
And the Wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothſayer.

Port. Come hither, Fellow, which way haſt thou been?
Sooth. At mine own Houſe, good Lady.
Port. What is't a Clock?
Sooth. About the Ninth Hour, Lady.
Port. Is *Cæſar* yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my ſtand.
To ſee him paſs on to the Capitol.
Port. Thou haſt ſome Suit to *Cæſar*, haſt thou not?
Sooth. That I have, Lady, if it will pleaſe *Cæſar*
To be ſo good to *Cæſar*, as to hear me:
I ſhall beſeech him to befriend himſelf.
Port. Why, know'ſt thou any harm's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be.
Much that I fear may chance:

Good morrow to you; here the ſtreet is narrow;
The Throng that follows *Cæſar* at the heels,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suitors,
Will crowd a feeble Man (almoſt) to Death;
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæſar*, as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Port. I muſt go in:
Ay, me! How weak a thing
The Heart of Woman is! O *Brutus*,
The Heavens ſpeed thee in thine Enterpriſe.
Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a Suit
That *Cæſar* will not grant. O, I grow faint!
Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; Come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth ſay to thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Flouriſh.

Enter Cæſar, Brutus, Caſſius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artimedorus, Publius, *and the* Soothſayer.

Cæſ. THE *Ides* of *March* are come.
Sooth. I, *Cæſar*, but not gone.
Art. Hail, *Cæſar*: Read this Scedule.
Decius. Trebonius doth deſire you to o'er-read
(At your beſt leiſure) this his humble Suit.
Art. O *Cæſar*, read mine firſt: for mine's a Suit,
That touches *Cæſar* nearer. Read it, great *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. What touches us, our ſelf ſhall be laſt ſerv'd.
Art. Delay not, *Cæſar*, read it inſtantly.
Cæſ. What, is the Fellow mad?
Publ. Sirrah, give place.
Caſſ. What, urge you your Petitions in the ſtreet?
Come to the Capitol.
Popil. I wiſh your Enterpriſe to day may thrive:
Caſſ. What Enterpriſe, *Popilius*?
Popil. Fare you well.
Brut. What ſaid *Popilius Lena*?
Caſſ. He wiſht to day our Enterpriſe might thrive:
I fear our Purpoſe is diſcovered.

Brut.

Brut. Look, how he makes to *Cæsar*; mark him.
Cass. Casca, be sudden, for we fear Prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or *Cæsar* never shall turn back,
For I will slay my self.
Brut. Cassius, be constant:
Popillius Lena speaks not of our Purposes,
For look, he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.
Cass. Trebonius knows his time: for look you, *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the Way.
Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber*? Let him go,
And presently prefer his Suit to *Cæsar*.
Brut. He is addrest: press near, and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redress?
Metel. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Cæsar*!
Metellus Cimber throws before thy Seat
An humble Heart.
Cæs. I must prevent thee, *Cimber*:
These Couchings, and these lowly Courtesies
Might fire the Blood of ordinary Men,
And turn pre-Ordinance, and first Decree,
Into the Lane of Children. Be not fond
To think that *Cæsar* bears such Rebel-blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true Quality
With that which melteth Fools, I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked Courtesies, and base, Spaniel Fawning:
Thy Brother, by Decree, is banished:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee, like a Curr, out of my way:
Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without Cause
Will he be satisfied.
Metel. Is there no Voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsar*'s Ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?
Brut. I kiss thy Hand, but not in Flattery, *Cæsar*:
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate Freedom of Repeal.
Cæs. What, *Brutus*?
Cass. Pardon, *Cæsar*: *Cæsar*, pardon.
As low as to thy Foot doth *Cassius* fall,
To beg Infranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.
Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to move, Prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the Northern Star,
Of whose true fixt, and resting Quality,

There

There is no Fellow in the Firmament.
The Skies are painted with unnumbred Sparks,
They are all Fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his Place.
So, in the World; 'tis furnish'd well with Men,
And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the Number, I do know but One
That unassailable holds on his Rank,
Unshak'd of Motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this;
That I was constant *Cimber* should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cinna. O *Cæsar!*

Cæs. Hence: Wilt thou lift up *Olympus?*

Decius. Great *Cæsar.*

Cæs. Doth not *Brutus* bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak hands for me.

[*They stabb* Cæsar.

Cæs. Et tu, Brute? —— Then fall *Cæsar.* [*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty, Freedom; Tyranny is dead:
Run hence; proclaim; cry it about the Streets.

Cass. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement.

Brut. People and Senators, be not affrighted:
Fly not; stand still: Ambition's Debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the Pulpit, *Brutus.*

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Brut. Where's *Publius?*

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this Mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some Friend of *Cæsar's* should chance——

Brut. Talk not of Standing. *Publius*, good cheer,
There is no harm intended to your Person,
Nor to no *Roman* else: so tell them, *Publius.*

Cass. And leave us, *Publius*, lest that the People,
Rushing on us, should do your Age some mischief.

Brut. Do so, and let no Man abide this Deed,
But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Cass. Where is *Antony?*

Treb. Fled to his House amaz'd:
Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomsday.

Brut. Fates, we will know your Pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing Days out, that Men stand upon.

Cask. Why he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Brut. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we *Cæsar*'s Friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop, *Romans*, stoop,
And let us bath our hands in *Cæsar*'s blood
Up to the Elbows, and besmear our Swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the Market place,
And waving our red Weapons o'r our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedom, and Liberty.

Cass. Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,
In States unborn, and Accents yet unknown?

Brut. How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport?
That now on *Pompey*'s Basis lie along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cass. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd,
The Men that gave their Country Liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cass. I, every Man away.
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest, and best hearts of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant.

Brut. Soft, who comes here? A Friend of *Antony*'s.

Ser. Thus *Brutus* did my Master bid me kneel;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down,
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say:
Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest;
Cæsar was Mighty, Bold, Royal, and Loving:
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affairs of Noble *Brutus*,
Through the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true Faith. So says my Master *Antony*.

Brut. Thy Master is a Wise and Valiant *Roman*;
I never thought him worse:
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied: and by my Honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Ser.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cass. I wish we may: But yet have I a mind
That fears him much: and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*. Welcome *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar!* Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphs, Spoils,
Shrunk to this little Measure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank?
If I my self, there is no hour so fit
As *Cæsar's* deaths hour; nor no Instrument
Of half that worth, as those your Swords, made rich
With the most Noble blood of all this World.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whil'st your purpled hands do reek and smoak,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a Thousand years,
I shall not find my self so apt to die.
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Bru. O *Antony!* Beg not your death of us:
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As by our hands, and this our present Act
You see we do: Yet see you but our hands,
And this, the bleeding business they have done,
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful.
And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*,
As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity
Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*:
Our Arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cass. Your Voice shall be as strong as any Mans,
In the disposing of new Dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The Multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then, we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I strook him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wisdom.
Let each Man render me his bloody hand.

First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you;
Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your hand;
Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus*;
Yours, *Cinna*; and, my valiant *Casca*, yours;
Though last, not least in Love, yours, good *Trebonius*.
Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say?
My Credit now stands on such slippery Ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, O, 'tis true!
If then thy Spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy Death,
To see thy *Antony* making his Peace,
Shaking the bloody Fingers of thy Foes,
Most Noble, in the Presence of thy Corse?
Had I as many Eyes as thou hast Wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy Blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of Friendship with thine Enemies.
Pardon me, *Julius*, here wast thou bay'd, brave Hart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy Hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy Spoil, and Crimson'd in thy Lethe.
O World! thou wast the Forest to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Heart of thee.
How, like a Deer, strucken by many Princes,
Dost thou here lie?

Cass. Mark Antony.

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Cassius*:
The Enemies of *Cæsar* shall say this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modesty.

Cass. I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* so,
But what Compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the Point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me Reasons,
Why, and wherein, *Cæsar* was dangerous.

Brut. Or else were this a savage Spectacle;
Our Reasons are so full of good Regard,
That were you, *Antony*, the Son of *Cæsar*,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek,
And am moreover Suitor, that I may
Produce his Body to the Market-place,
And, in the Pulpit, as becomes a Friend,

Speak in the Order of his Funeral.

Brut. You shall, *Mark Antony.*

Cass. Brutus, a word with you:
You know not what you do; Do not consent
That *Antony* speak in his Funeral:
Know you how much the People may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Brut. By your Pardon:
I will my self into the Pulpit first,
And shew the Reason of our *Cæsar*'s Death.
What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by Leave, and by Permission:
And that we are contented *Cæsar* shall
Have all true Rites, and lawful Ceremonies,
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cass. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Brut. Mark Antony, here, take you *Cæsar*'s Body:
You shall not in your Funeral Speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of *Cæsar*,
And say, you do't by our Permission:
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his Funeral. And you shall speak,
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my Speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so:
I do desire no more.

Brut. Prepare the Body then, and follow us. [*Exeunt.*

[*Manet Antony.*

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding Piece of Earth:
That I am meek and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest Man,
That ever lived in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the Hand, that shed this costly Blood.
Over thy Wounds, now do I Prophesie,
(Which, like dumb Mouths, do ope their Ruby Lips,
To beg the Voice, and Utterance of my Tongue)
A Curse shall light upon the Limbs of Men;
Domestick Fury, and fierce Civil Strife,
Shall cumber all the Parts of *Italy*:
Blood and Destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful Objects so familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of War:
All Pity choak'd with Custom of fell Deeds,
And *Cæsar*'s Spirit ranging for Revenge,
With *Ate* by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall, in these Confines with a Monarch's Voice,

Cry

Cry havock, and let slip the Dogs of War,
That this foul deed, shall smell above the Earth
With Carrion Men, groaning for Burial.

Enter Octavio's *Servant.*

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

Ser. I do, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to *Rome.*

Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth ——
O *Cæsar*!

Ant. Thy heart is big: get thee apart and weep:
Passion I see is catching from mine Eyes,
Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Master coming?

Ser. He lies to night within seven League of *Rome.*

Ant. Post back with speed,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
No *Rome* of safety for *Octavius* yet,
Hye hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while,
Thou shalt not back, till I have born this course
Into the Market place: There shall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruel issue of these bloody Men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young *Octavius*, of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Brutus *and goes into the Pulpit, and* Cassius,
with the Plebeians.

Ple. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me Audience, Friends.
Cassius go you into the other street,
And part the Numbers:
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,
And publick Reasons shall be rendred
Of *Cæsar*'s death.

1. *Ple.* I will hear *Brutus* speak.

2. I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their Reasons,
When severally we hear them rendred.

3. The Noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, Countrey-men, and Lovers, hear me for my cause, and be silent,

that

that you may hear. Believe me for mine Honour, and have respect to mine Honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your Wisdom, and awake your Senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this Assembly, any dear Friend of *Cæsar*'s, to him I say, that *Brutus* love to *Cæsar*, was no less than his. If then that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* less, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and die all Slaves; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all Freemen? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was Fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Tears, for his Love: Joy, for his Fortune: Honour, for his Valour: And Death, for his Ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a *Roman*? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his Country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a Reply.

All. None *Brutus*, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to *Cæsar*, than you shall do to *Brutus*. The Question of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitol: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, *with* Cæsar's *Body.*

Here comes his Body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Common-wealth, as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best Lover for the good of *Rome*, I have the same Dagger for my self, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

All. Live *Brutus*, live, live.

1. Bring him with Triumph home unto his House.
2. Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.
3. Let him be *Cæsar*.
4. *Cæsar*'s better parts
Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.
1. We'll bring him to his House,
With Shouts and Clamours.

Brut. My Country-men.

2. Peace, Silence, *Brutus* speaks.
1. Peace ho.

Brut. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) stay here with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Cæsar*'s Corps, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Cæsar*'s Glories, which *Mark Antony*
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a Man depart,
Save I alone till *Antony* have spoke. [*Exit.*

1. Stay ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3. Let

Let him go up into the publick Chair,
We'll hear him. Noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus* sake I am beholding to you.

4. What does he say of *Brutus*?

3. He says, for *Brutus* sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

2. 'Twere best he speak no harm of *Brutus* here?

1. This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant.

3. Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that *Rome* is rid of him.

2. Peace, let us hear what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You, gentle *Romans*,—

All. Peace, ho! let's hear him.

Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Countrymen, lend me your Ears,
I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him.
The Evil that Men do, lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their Bones,
So let it be with *Cæsar*. The Noble *Brutus*
Hath told you *Cæsar* was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous Fault,
And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.
Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,
For *Brutus* is an Honourable Man,
(So are they all, all Honourable Men)
Come I to speak in *Cæsar*'s Funeral.
He was my Friend, faithful, and just to me:
But *Brutus* says, he was Ambitious,
And *Brutus* is an Honourable Man.
He hath brought many Captives home to *Rome*,
Whose Ransoms did the general Coffers fill:
Did this in *Cæsar* seem Ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner Stuff,
Yet *Brutus* says he was Ambitious,
And *Brutus* is an Honourable Man.
You all did see, that on the *Lupercal*,
I thrice presented him a Kingly Crown.
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?
Yet *Brutus* says he was Ambitious,
And sure he is an Honourable Man.
I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without Cause,
What Cause with-holds you then, to mourn for him?
O Judgment! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,
And Men have lost their Reason. Bear with me,
My Heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæsar*,

And

And I muſt pauſe, till it come back to me.

1 Methinks there is much Reaſon in his Sayings.

2 If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
Cæſar has had great Wrong.

3 Has he, Maſters? I fear there will a worſe come in his place.

4 Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the Crown,
Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 If it be found ſo, ſome will dear abide it.

2 Poor Soul, his Eyes are red as Fire with weeping.

3 There's not a Nobler Man in *Rome* than *Antony*.

4 Now mark him, he begins again to ſpeak.

Ant. But yeſterday, the word of *Cæſar* might
Have ſtood againſt the World: Now lies he there,
And none ſo poor to do him Reverence.
O Maſters! If I were diſpos'd to ſtir
Your Hearts and Minds to Mutiny and Rage,
I ſhould do *Brutus* Wrong, and *Caſſius* Wrong:
Who (you all know) are Honourable Men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather chuſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong my ſelf and you,
Than I will wrong ſuch Honourable Men.
But here's a Parchment, with the Seal of *Cæſar*,
I found it in his Cloſet, 'tis his Will:
Let but the Commons hear this Teſtament:
Which (pardon me) I do not mean to read,
And they would go and kiſs dead *Cæſar*'s Wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yea, beg a Hair of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacy,
Unto their Iſſue.

4 We'll hear the Will, read it, *Mark Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will; we will hear *Cæſar*'s Will.

Ant. Have Patience, gentle Friends, I muſt not read it.
It is not meet you know how *Cæſar* lov'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but Men,
And being Men, hearing the Will of *Cæſar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heirs,
For if you ſhould, O what will come of it?

4 Read the Will, we'll hear it, *Antony*:
You ſhall read us the Will, *Cæſar*'s Will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you ſtay a while?
I have o'erſhot my ſelf to tell you of it,
I fear I wrong the Honourable Men,
Whoſe Daggers have ſtabb'd *Cæſar*: I do fear it.

4 They were Traytors: Honourable Men?

All. The Will, the Testament.

2 They were Villains, Murderers: the Will, read the Will.

Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will?
Then make a Ring about the Corpse of *Cæsar*,
And let me shew you him that made the Will:
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 Descend.

3 You shall have leave.

4 A Ring, stand round.

1 Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.

2 Room for *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me, stand far off.

All. Stand back: Room: Bear back.

Ant. If you have Tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this Mantle; I remember,
The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,
'Twas on a Summer's Evening, in his Tent,
That day he overcame the *Nervii*:
Look, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:
See what a Rent the envious *Casca* made:
Through this, the well-beloved *Brutus* stabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his cursed Steel away:
Mark how the Blood of *Cæsar* followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If *Brutus* so unkindly knocked or no:
For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsar's* Angel:
Judge, O ye Gods, how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him:
This was the most unkindest Cut of all:
For when the Noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than Traytors Arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty Heart:
And in his Mantle, muffling up his face,
Even at the Base of *Pompey's* Statue,
(Which all the while ran Blood) great *Cæsar* fell.
O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whil'st bloody Treason flourish'd over us.
O now you weep! and I perceive you feel
The dint of Pity: These are gracious Drops.
Kind Souls, what weep you, when you but behold
Our *Cæsar's* Vesture Wounded? Look you here,
Here is Himself, marr'd as you see with Traytors.

1 O piteous Spectacle!

2 O Noble *Cæsar!*

3 O woful Day!

4 O Traytors, Villains!

1 O most bloody Sight!

2 We will be reveng'd: Revenge,
About, seek, burn, fire, kill, slay:
Let not a Traytor live.

Ant. Stay, Countrymen.

1 Peace there, hear the Noble *Antony*.

2 We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stir you up,
To such a sudden Flood of Mutiny:
They that have done this Deed, are Honourable:
What private Griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: They are Wise and Honourable,
And will, no doubt, with Reasons answer you.
I come not (Friends) to steal away your Hearts,
I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;
But (as you know me all) a plain blunt Man,
That love my Friend, and that they know full well,
That gave me publick leave to speak of him:
For I have neither Wit, nor Words, nor Worth,
Action, nor Utterance, nor the Power of Speech,
To stir Mens Blood. I only speak right on:
I tell you that, which you your selves do know,
Shew you sweet *Cæsar*'s Wounds, poor, poor dumb Mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In every Wound of *Cæsar*, that should move
The Stones of *Rome*, to Rise and Mutiny.

All. We'll Mutiny.

1 We'll burn the House of *Brutus*.

3 Away then, come, seek the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, Countrymen, yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho; hear *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why, Friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your Loves?
Alas, you know not, I must tell you then:
You have forgot the Will I told you of.

All. Most true. The Will, let's stay and hear the Will.

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæsar*'s Seal:
To every *Roman* Citizen he gives,
To every several Man, seventy five *Drachmaes*.

2 *Pleb.* Most Noble *Cæsar*, we'll revenge his Death.

3 *Pleb.* O Royal *Cæsar*!

Ant. Hear me with Patience.

All. Peace, ho.

Ant. Moreover he hath left you all his Walks,
His private Arbors, and new planted Orchards,

On this side *Tyber*, he hath left them you,
And to your Heirs for ever: common Pleasures
To walk abroad, and Recreate your selves.
Here was a *Cæsar*: when comes such another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never: come, away, away:
We'll burn his Body in the Holy Place,
And with the Brands fire the Traytors Houses.
Take up the Body.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down Benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down Forms, Windows, any thing. [*Ex.* Plebeians.

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art a foot,
Take thou what Course thou will.
How now, Fellow?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to *Rome*.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsar*'s House.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a Wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this Mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid like Madmen, through the Gates of *Rome*.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the People,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cinna *the Poet, and after him the* Plebeians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,
And things unluckily charge my Fantasie:
I have no Will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

1 What is your Name?

2 Whither are you going?

3 Where do you dwell?

4 Are you a married Man, or a Batchelor?

2 Answer every Man directly.

1 I, and briefly.

4 I, and wisely.

3 I, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my Name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married Man or a Batchellor? Then to answer every Man, directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a Batchellor.

2 That's as much as to say, they are Fools that marry: you'll bear me a Bang for that I fear; proceed directly.

Cinna.

Cinna. Directly I am going to *Cæsar's* Funeral.

1 As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cinna. As a Friend.

2 That Matter is answered directly.

4 For your Dwelling; briefly.

Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 Your Name, Sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my Name is *Cinna.*

1 Tear him to pieces, he's a Conspirator.

Cinna. I am *Cinna*, the Poet; I am *Cinna*, the Poet.

4 Tear him, for his bad Verses; Tear him, for his bad Verses.

Cinna. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

4 It is no matter, his Name's *Cinna*; pluck but his Name out of his Heart, and turn him going.

3 Tear him, tear him; Come, Brands, ho, Fire-brands: to *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decius*'s House, and some to *Casca*'s; some to *Ligarius*. Away, go.

[*Exeunt all the* Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octavius, *and* Lepidus.

Ant. THese many then shall dye, their Names are prick'd.

Octav. Your Brother too must dye; consent you, *Lepidus*?

Lep. I do consent.

Octav. Prick him down, *Antony.*

Lep. Upon Condition *Publius* shall not live,
Who is your Sister's Son, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a Spot I damn him,
But, *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsar's* House:
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some Charge in Legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Octav. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Ex.* Lepidus.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable Man,
Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit,
The three-fold World divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Octav. So you thought him,
And took his Voice, who should be prick'd to dye,
In our black Sentence, and Proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you;
And though we lay these Honours on this Man,

To

To ease our selves of divers sland'rous Loads.
He shall but bear them, as the Ass bears Gold,
To groan and sweat under the Business,
Either led or driven, as we point the Way:
And having brought our Treasure, where we will,
Then take we down his Load, and turn him off,
(Like to the empty Ass) to shake his Ears,
And graze in Commons.

Octav. You may do your Will;
But he's a tryed, and valiant Souldier.

Ant. So is my Horse, *Octavius*, and for that
I do appoint him store of Provender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on:
His corporal Motion, govern'd by my Spirit,
And in some taste, is *Brutus* but for this;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited Fellow, one that feeds
On Objects, Arts, and Imitations.

Which out of use, and stal'd by other Men,
Begin his Fashion. Do not talk of him,
But as a Property: and now, *Octavius*,
Listen great things. *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are levying Powers; We must straight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our best Friends made, our means stretch'd,
And let us presently go sit in Council,
How covert Matters may be best disclosed,
And open Perils surest answered.

Octav. Let us do so: for we are at the Stake,
And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile, have in their Hearts, I fear,
Millions of Mischiefs.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, *and the Army.* Titinius *and* Pindarus *meet them.*

Brut. Stand, ho.

Lucil. Give the Word, ho, and Stand.

Brut. What now, *Lucilius*, is *Cassius* near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and *Pindarus* is come
To do you Salutation from his Master.

Brut. He greets me well. Your Master, *Pindarus*,
In his own Change, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me some worthy Cause to wish
Things done, undone: But if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appear
Such as he is, full of Regard and Honour.
Brut. He is not doubted. A word, *Lucilius*,
How he receiv'd you: let me be resolv'd.
Lucil. With Courtesie, and with Respect enough,
But not with such familiar Instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Brut. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Ever note, *Lucilius*,
When Love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no Tricks in plain and simple Faith:
But hollow Men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant Shew, and Promise of their Mettle;
[*Low March within.*
But when they should endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Crests; and, like deceitful Jades,
Sink in the Tryal. Comes his Army on?
Lucil. They mean this Night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd:
The greater Part, the Horse, in general,
Are come with *Cassius*.

Enter Cassius *and his Powers.*

Brut. Hark, he is arriv'd:
March gently on to meet him.
Cass. Stand, ho.
Brut. Stand, ho: speak the Word along.
Stand.
Stand.
Stand.
Cass. Most Noble Brother, you have done me Wrong.
Brut. Judge me, ye Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother?
Cass. *Brutus*, this sober Form of yours hides Wrongs,
And when you do them ——
Brut. *Cassius*, be content.
Speak your Griefs softly, I do know you well.
Before the Eyes of both our Armies here
(Which should perceive nothing but Love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my Tent, *Cassius*, enlarge your Griefs,
And I will give you Audience.
Cass. *Pindarus*,
Bid our Commanders lead their Charges off

A little from this Ground.

Brut. Lucilius, do you the like, and let no Man
Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our Door. [*Exeunt.*

[*Manent Brutus and Cassius.*

Cass. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted *Lucius Pella*,
For taking Bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the Man, was slighted off.

Brut. You wrong'd your self, to write in such a Case.

Cass. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice Offence should bear his Comment.

Brut. Let me tell you, *Cassius*, you your self
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palm,
To sell, and mart your Offices for Gold,
To Undeservers.

Cass. I an itching Palm?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speaks this,
Or, by the Gods, this Speech were else your last.

Brut. The Name of *Cassius* honours this Corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his Head.

Cass. Chastisement?

Brut. Remember *March*, the *Ides* of *March* remember:
Did not great *Julius* bleed for Justice sake?
What Villain touch'd his Body, that did stabb,
And not for Justice? What, Shall one of Us,
That struck the fore-most Man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers; shall we now,
Contaminate our Fingers, with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honours,
For so much Trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dog, and bay the Moon,
Than such a *Roman*.

Cass. Brutus, bait not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget your self,
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in Practice, abler than your self,
To make Conditions.

Brut. Go too: you are not *Cassius*.

Cass. I am.

Brut. I say, you are not.

Cass. Urge me no more, I shall forget my self;
Have mind upon your Health: Tempt me no farther.

Brut. Away, slight Man.

Cass. Is't possible?

Brut. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash Choler?
Shall I be frighted when a Mad man stares?
Cass. O ye Gods, ye Gods! Must I endure all this?
Brut. All this? I, more: Fret till your proud Heart break.
Go, shew your Slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your Bond-men tremble. Must I bow?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your Testy Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleen,
Though it do split you. For, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my Mirth, yea, for my Laughter,
When you are Waspish.
Cass. Is it come to this?
Brut. You say you are a better Souldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of Noble men.
Cass. You wrong me every way:
You wrong me, *Brutus*:
I said, an Elder Souldier, not a Better:
Did I say Better?
Brut. If you did, I care not.
Cass. When *Cæsar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Brut. Peace, Peace, you durst not so have tempted him.
Cass. I durst not?
Brut. No.
Cass. What? durst not tempt him?
Brut. For your Life you durst not.
Cass. Do not presume too much upon my Love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Brut. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no Terrour, *Cassius*, in your Threats:
For I am arm'd so strong in Honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle Wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain Summs of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I can raise no Money by vile Means:
By Heaven, I had rather coin my Heart,
And drop my Blood for Drachmaes, than to wring
From the hard hands of Peasants their vile Trash
By any Indirection. I did send
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Cassius*?
Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so?
When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous,
To lock such Rascal Counters from his Friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your Thunder-bolts,

Dash him to pieces.

Cass. I deny'd you not.

Brut. You did.

Cass. I did not. He was but a Fool
That brought my Answer back. *Brutus* hath riv'd my Heart:
A Friend should bear his Friend's Infirmities;
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Brut. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cass. You love me not.

Brut. I do not like your Faults.

Cass. A friendly Eye could never see such Faults.

Brut. A Flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.

Cass. Come, *Antony*, and young *Octavius*, come,
Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius*,
For *Cassius* is a-weary of the World:
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a Bond-man, all his Faults observ'd;
Set in a Note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by roat,
To cast into my Teeth. O, I could weep
My Spirit from mine Eyes. There is my Dagger,
And here my naked Breast; Within, a Heart
Dearer than *Pluto*'s Mine, richer than Gold:
If that thou beest a *Roman*, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart;
Strike as thou didst at *Cæsar*; For I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better,
Than ever thou lov'dst *Cassius*.

Brut. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have Scope:
Do what you will, Dishonour shall be Humour.
O *Cassius*, you are yoked with a Lamb
That carries Anger, as the Flint bears Fire,
Who much inforced, shews a hasty Spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cass. Hath *Cassius* liv'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When Grief, and Blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Brut. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cass. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Brut. And my Heart too.

Cass. O *Brutus*!

Brut. What's the matter?

Cass. Have not you Love enough to bear with me,
When that rash Humour, which my Mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Brut. Yes, *Cassius*; and from henceforth,

When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
He'll think your Mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some Grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Lucil. You shall not come to them.
Poet. Nothing but Death shall stay me.
Cass. How now? What's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you Generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be Friends, as two such Men should be,
For I have seen more Years, I'm sure, than ye.
Cass. Ha, ha, how vilely doth this *Cynick* rhyme!
Brut. Get you hence, Sirrah: Sawcy Fellow, hence.
Cass. Bear with him, *Brutus*; 'tis his Fashion.
Brut. I'll know his Humour, when he knows his time:
What should the Wars do with these Jiggling Fools?
Companion, hence.
Cass. Away, away, be gone. [*Exit* Poet.
Brut. Lucilius, and *Titinius*, bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.
Cass. And come your selves, and bring *Messala* with you,
Immediately to us.
Brut. Lucilius, a Bowl of Wine.
Cass. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Brut. O *Cassius*, I am sick of many Griefs.
Cass. Of your Philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental Evils.
Brut. No Man bears Sorrow better. *Portia* is dead.
Cass. Ha, *Portia*?
Brut. She is dead.
Cass. How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching Loss!
Upon what Sickness?
Brut. Impatient of my Absence.
And Grief, that young *Octavius*, with *Mark Antony*
Have made themselves so strong: For with her Death
That Tydings came. With this she fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd Fire.
Cass. And dy'd so?
Brut. Even so.
Cass. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy, *with Wine and Taper.*

Brut. Speak no more of her: Give me a Bowl of Wine,
In this I bury all Unkindness, *Cassius.* [*Drinks.*

Cass. My Heart is thirsty for that Noble Pledge.
Fill, *Lucius*, till the Wine o'er-swell the Cup,
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus* Love.

Enter Titinius *and* Messala.

Brut. Come in, *Titinius*; Welcome, good *Messala*;
Now sit we close about this Taper here,
And call in question our Necessities.

Cass. Portia, art thou gone?

Brut. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received Letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*
Come down upon us with a mighty Power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

Mess. My self have Letters of the self-same Tenure.

Brut. With what Addition?

Mess. That by Proscription, and Bills of Outlawry,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*,
Have put to death an hundred Senators.

Brut. Therein our Letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy Senators that died
By their Proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Cass. Cicero one?

Mess. Cicero is dead, and by that Order of Proscription.
Had you your Letters from your Wife, my Lord?

Brut. No, *Messala*.

Mess. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?

Brut. Nothing, *Messala*.

Mess. That methinks is strange.

Brut. Why ask you?
Hear you ought of her in yours?

Mess. No, my Lord.

Brut. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mess. Then, like a *Roman*, bear the Truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange Manner.

Brut. Why, farewel, *Portia*: We must die, *Messala*:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the Patience to endure it now.

Mess. Even so great Men great Losses should endure.

Cass. I have as much of this in Art as you,

But

But yet my Nature could not bear it so.
Brut. Well, to our Work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* presently?
Cass. I do not think it good.
Brut. Your Reason?
Cass. This is is:
'Tis better that the Enemy seek us,
So shall he waste his Means, weary his Souldiers,
Doing himself Offence; whilst we lying still,
Are full of Rest, Defence, and Nimbleness.
Brut. Good Reasons must, of force, give place to better:
The People, 'twixt *Philippi* and this Ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd Affection;
For they have grudg'd us Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller Number up,
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd;
From which Advantage shall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
These People at our Back.
Cass. Hear me, good Brother.
Brut. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our Friends:
Our Legions are brim-full, our Cause is ripe,
The Enemy encreaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
Which, taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life
Is bound in Shallows, and in Miseries.
On such a full Sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the Current when it serves,
Or lose our Ventures.
Cass. Then with your Will go on; we'll along
Our selves, and meet them at *Philippi*.
Brut. The deep of Night is crept upon our Talk,
And Nature must obey Necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little Rest:
There is no more to say.
Cass. No more, good night:
Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Brut. *Lucius*, my Gown: farewel, good *Messala*, [*Ex.* Lucius.
Good night, *Titinius*; Noble, Noble *Cassius*,
Good night, and good repose.

Cass.

Cass. O my dear Brother!
This was an ill-beginning of the Night;
Never come such Division 'tween our Souls!
Let it not, *Brutus.*

Enter Lucius *with the Gown.*

Brut. Every thing is well.
Cass. Good night, my Lord.
Brut. Good night, good Brother.
Tit. Messa. Good night, Lord *Brutus.* [*Ex. Cass. Tit. Messa.*
Brut. Farewel, every one.
Give me the Gown. Where is thy Instrument?
Luc. Here in the Tent.
Brut. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor Knave, I blame thee not, thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call *Claudio*, and some other of my Men,
I'll have them sleep on Cushions in my Tent.
Luc. Varrus, and *Claudio*?

Enter Varrus *and* Claudio.

Var. Calls my Lord?
Brut. I pray you, Sirs, lie in my Tent and sleep,
It may be I shall raise you by and by,
On business to my Brother *Cassius.*
Var. So please you, we will stand,
And watch your Pleasure.
Brut. I will not have it so: Lie down, good Sirs,
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, *Lucius*, here's the Book I sought for so,
I put it in the Pocket of my Gown.
Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.
Brut. Bear with me, good Boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy Eyes a while,
And touch thy Instrument a Strain or two.
Luc. I, my Lord, an't please you.
Brut. It does, my Boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my Duty, Sir.
Brut. I should not urge thy Duty past thy Might,
I know young Bloods look for a time of Rest.
Luc. I have slept, my Lord, already.
Brut. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again:
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee.

Musick and a Song.

This is a sleepy Tune: O murd'rous Slumber!
Layest thou thy Leaden Mace upon my Boy,
That plays thee Musick? Gentle Knave, good night:
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy Instrument;
I'll take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.
Let me see; let me see; Is not the Leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this Taper burns! Ha! Who comes here?
I think it is the Weakness of mine Eyes,
That shapes this monstrous Apparition.
It comes upon me: Art thou any thing?
Art thou some God, some Angel, or some Devil,
That mak'st my Blood cold, and my Hair to stare?
Speak to me, What thou art?

Ghost. Thy evil Spirit, *Brutus.*

Brut. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at *Philippi.*

Brut. Well: then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. I, at *Philippi.*

Brut. Why, I will see thee at *Philippi* then:
Now I have taken Heart, thou vanishest.
Ill Spirit, I would hold more Talk with thee.
Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudio*! Sirs, Awake:
Claudio.

Luc. The Strings, my Lord, are false.

Brut. He thinks he still is at his Instrument.
Lucius, awake.

Luc. My Lord.

Brut. Didst thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou so cried'st out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Brut. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my Lord.

Brut. Sleep again, *Lucius*: Sirrah, *Claudio*, Fellow,
Thou, Awake.

Var. My Lord.

Claud. My Lord.

Brut. Why did you so cry out, Sirs, in your Sleep?

Both. Did we, my Lord?

Brut. I: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my Lord, I saw nothing.

Claud. Nor I, my Lord.

Brut. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius*;

Bid

Bid him set on his Powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their Army.*

Octav. NOw, *Antony*, our Hopes are answered;
You said the Enemy would not come down,
But keep the Hills, and upper Regions:
It proves not so: their Battels are at hand,
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here:
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their Bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: They could be content
To visit other Places, and come down
With fearful Bravery: thinking by this Face,
To fasten in our Thoughts, that they have Courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Messeng. Prepare you, Generals;
The Enemy comes on in gallant Shew:
Their bloody Sign of Battel is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your Battel softly on,
Upon the Left-hand of the even Field.

Octav. Upon the Right-hand I, keep thou the Left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this Exigent?

Octav. I do not cross you, but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, *and their Army.*

Brut. They stand, and would have Parley.

Cass. Stand fast, *Titinius*, we must out and talk.

Octav. Mark Antony, shall we give Sign of Battel?

Ant. No, *Cæsar*, we will answer on their Charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have some Words.

Octav. Stir not untill the Signal.

Brut. Words before Blows: Is it so, Countrymen?

Octav. Not that we love Words better, as you do.

Brut. Good Words are better than bad Strokes, *Octavius.*

Ant. In your bad Strokes, *Brutus*, you give good Words.

Witness

Witneſs the Hole you made in *Cæſar*'s Heart,
Crying, long live, Hail, *Cæſar*.
Caſſ. Antony,
The Poſture of your Blows are yet unknown;
But for your Words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,
And leave them Honey-leſs.
Ant. Not Sting-leſs too.
Brut. O yes, and Sound-leſs too.
For you have ſtollen their Buzzing, *Antony*,
And very wiſely threat before you ſting.
Ant. Villains! You did not ſo, when your vile Daggers
Hackt one another in the Sides of *Cæſar*:
You ſhew'd your Teeth like Apes,
And fawn'd like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bond-men, kiſſing *Cæſar*'s Feet;
Whil'ſt damned *Caska*, like a Curr, behind,
Struck *Cæſar* on the Neck. O, you Flatterers!
Caſſ. Flatterers? Now, *Brutus*, thank your ſelf;
This Tongue had not offended ſo to day,
If *Caſſius* might have rul'd.
Octa. Come, come, the Cauſe. If arguing make us ſweat,
The Proof of it will turn to redder Drops:
Look, I draw a Sword againſt Conſpirators,
When think you that the Sword goes up again?
Never, till *Cæſar*'s Three and thirty Wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another *Cæſar*
Have added Slaughter to the Sword of Traytors.
Brut. Cæſar, thou canſt not dye by Traytors Hands,
Unleſs thou bring'ſt them with thee.
Octa. So I hope:
I was not born to dye on *Brutus* Sword.
Brut. O, if thou wer't the Nobleſt of the Strain,
Young Man, thou could'ſt not dye more honourable.
Caſſ. A peeviſh School-boy, worthleſs of ſuch Honour,
Joyn'd with a Maſker, and a Reveller.
Ant. Old *Caſſius* ſtill.
Octa. Come, *Antony*: away:
Defiance, Traytors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field,
If not, when you have Stomachs.
[*Ex.* Octav. Ant. *and the Army.*
Caſſ. Why now, blow Wind, ſwell Billow,
And ſwim Bark:
The Storm is up, and all is on the Hazard.
Brut. Ho, *Lucillius*, hark, a word with you.
[Lucillius *and* Meſſala *ſtand forth.*
Luc. My Lord.

Cass. Messala.

Mess. What says, my General?

Cass. Messala, this is my Birth-day: as this very day
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy hand, *Messala*:
Be thou my Witness, that against my Will
(As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to set
Upon one Battel all our Liberties.
You know that I held *Epicurus* strong,
And his Opinion: Now I change my Mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from *Sardis*, on our former Ensign
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd;
Gorging and feeding from our Souldiers hands,
Who to *Philippi* here consorted us:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And, in their steads, do Ravens, Crows, and Kites
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly Prey; their Shadows seem
A Canopy most fatal, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give up the Ghost.

Mess. Believe not so.

Cass. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of Spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all Perils very constantly.

Brut. Even so, *Lucilius*.

Cass. Now, most Noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in Peace, lead on our days to Age.
But since the Affairs of Men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this Battel, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Brut. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the Death,
Which he did give himself, I know not how:
But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life, arming my self with Patience,
To stay the Providence of some high Powers,
That govern us below.

Cass. Then, if we lose this Battel,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the Streets of *Rome*?

Brut. No, *Cassius*, No:
Think not, thou Noble *Roman*,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*,

He bears too great a Mind, But this same day
Must end that Work, the *Ides* of *March* begun,
And whether we shall meet again, I know not:
Therefore our everlasting Farewel take:
For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Cassius*!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile:
If not, why then, this Parting was well made.

Cass. For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Brutus*!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this Parting was well made.

Brut. Why then lead on. O, that a Man might know
The End of this Day's Business, ere it come:
But it sufficeth, that the Day will end,
And then the End is known. Come, ho, away. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus *and* Messala.

Brut. Ride, ride, *Messala*, ride and give these Bills
Unto the Legions, on the other side. [*Loud Alarum.*
Let them set on at once: for I perceive
But cold Demeanor in *Octavio*'s Wing:
And sudden Push gives them the overthrow:
Ride, ride, *Messala*, let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter Cassius *and* Titinius.

Cass. O look, *Titinius*, look, the Villains fly:
My self have to mine own turn'd Enemy;
This Ensign here of mine was turning back,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Titin. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,
Who having some Advantage on *Octavius*,
Took it too eagerly, his Soldiers fell to Spoil,
Whilst we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pind. Fly further off, my Lord: fly further off:
Mark Antony is in your Tents, my Lord:
Fly therefore, Noble *Cassius*, fly far off.

Cass. This Hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titinius*!
Are those my Tents where I perceive the fire?

Titin. They are, my Lord.

Cass. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my Horse, and hide thy Spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troops,

And here again, that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' Troops are Friend or Enemy.

Titin. I will be here again, even with a Thought. [*Ex.*

Cass. Go, *Pindarus*, get higher on that Hill,
My Sight was ever thick: regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the Field.
This day I breathed first, Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My Life is run his Compass. Sirrah, what News?

Pind. above. O, my Lord!

Cass. What News?

Pind. *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With Horse-men, that make to him on the Spur,
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him:
Now, *Titinius*. Now, some Light: O, he lights too;
He's ta'en. [*Shout.*
And, hark, they shout, for Joy.

Cass. Come down, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best Friend ta'en before my Face.

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, Sirrah: In *Parthia* did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saving of thy Life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine Oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword,
That ran through *Cæsar*'s Bowels, search this Bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the Hilts,
And when my Face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword—*Cæsar*, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the Sword that kill'd thee. [*Falls on his Sword.*

Pind. So, I am free;
Yet would not so have been
Durst I have done my Will. O *Cassius!*
Far from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never *Roman* shall take note of him.

Enter Titinius *and* Messala.

Mess. It is but change, *Titinius*: for *Octavius*
Is overthrown, by Noble *Brutus* Power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

Titin. These Tydings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Mess. Where did you leave him.

Titin. All disconsolate,

With *Pindarus* his Bond-man, on this Hill.

Mess. Is not that he that lies upon the Ground?

Titin. He lies not like the Living. O, my Heart!

Mess. Is not that he?

Titin. No, this was he, *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sun!
As in thy red Rays thou dost sink to night;
So in his red Blood *Cassius* day is set.
The Sun of *Rome* is set. Our day is gone,
Clouds, Dews, and Dangers come; our Deeds are done:
Mistrust of my Success hath done this Deed.

Mess. Mistrust of good Success hath done this Deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholy's Child:
Why do'st thou shew to the apt Thoughts of Men
The things that are not? O Error soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy Birth,
But kill'st the Mother that engender'd thee.

Titin. What, *Pindarus*? Where art thou, *Pindarus*?

Mess. Seek him, *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this Report
Into his Ears; I may say, thrusting it:
For piercing Steel, and Darts invenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the Ears of *Brutus*,
As Tydings of this Sight.

Titin. Hie you, *Messala*,
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while: [*Ex.* Mess.
Why did'st thou send me forth, brave *Cassius*?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Brows this Wreath of Victory,
And bid me give it thee? Did'st thou not hear their Shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow;
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*:
By your leave, Gods: This is a *Roman*'s Part,
Come *Cassius* Sword, and find *Titinius* Heart. [*Kills himself.*

Alarum. *Enter* Brutus, Messala, *young* Cato, Strato, Volumnius, *and* Lucillius.

Brut. Where, where, *Messala*, doth his Body lie?

Mess. Loe, yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Brut. *Titinius*'s Face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Brut. O *Julius Cæsar*! thou art mighty yet;
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our Swords
In our own proper Entrails. [*Low Alarums.*

Cato. Brave *Titinius*!

[illegible] *Brut.*

Brut. Are yet two *Romans* living such as these?
The last of all the *Romans*, fare thee well:
It is impossible, that ever *Rome*
Should breed thy Fellow. Friends, I owe more Tears
To this dead Man, than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, *Cassius*; I shall find time.
Come therefore, and to *Thassus* send his Body;
His Funeral shall not be in our Camp,
Lest it discomfort us. *Lucillius*, come,
And come, young *Cato*, let us to the Field:
Labio and *Flavio*, set our Battels on.
'Tis Three a Clock, and, *Romans*, yet ere Night,
We shall try Fortune in a second Fight. *Exe.*

Alarum. *Enter* Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucillius, *and* Flavius.

Brut. Yet, Country-men; O yet, hold up your Heads.
Cato. What Bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my Name about the Field.
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho.
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Country's Friend.
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho.

Enter Soldiers, *and fight.*

Brut. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I,
Brutus, my Country's Friend: Know me for *Brutus*.
Luc. O young and Noble *Cato*! art thou down?
Why, now thou dyest, as bravely as *Titinius*,
And may'st be honour'd, being *Cato*'s Son.
Sold. Yield, or thou dyest.
Luc. Only I yield to dye:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his Death.
Sold. We must not: A Noble Prisoner.

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Room, ho: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.
1 *Sold.* I'll tell the News. Here comes the General,
Brutus is ta'en. *Brutus* is ta'en, my Lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe, *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no Enemy
Shall ever take alive the Noble *Brutus*:
The Gods defend him from so great a Shame,
When you do find him, or alive, or dead;
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.
Ant. This is not *Brutus*, Friend, but, I assure you,
A Prize no less in Worth; keep this Man safe,
Give him all Kindness. I had rather have
Such Men my Friends, than Enemies. Go on,

And bring us word, unto *Octavius* Tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, *and* Volumnius.

Brut. Come, poor Remains of Friends, rest on this Rock.

Clit. *Statilius* shew'd the Torch-light, but, my Lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en, or slain.

Brut. Sit thee down *Clitus*: Slaying is the Word,
It is a Deed in Fashion. Hark thee, *Clitus.*

Clit. What, I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.

Brut. Peace then, no words.

Clit. I'll rather kill my self.

Brut. Hark thee, *Dardanius.*

Dard. Shall I do such a Deed?

Clit. O *Dardanius!*

Dard. O *Clitus!*

Clit. What ill Request did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dard. To kill him, *Clitus*: look, he meditates.

Clit. Now is that Noble Vessel full of Grief,
That it runs over, even at his Eyes.

Brut. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.

Volumn. What says, my Lord?

Brut. Why this, *Volumnius*:
The Ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me
Two several times by Night: at *Sardis*, once;
And this last Night, here in *Philippi* Fields:
I know my hour is come.

Volumn. Not so, my Lord.

Brut. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius.*
Thou see'st the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes.
Our Enemies have beat us to the Pit: [*Low Alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in our selves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'st, that we two went to School together:
Even for that our Love of old, I prithee
Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whilst I run on it.

Volumn. That's not an Office for a Friend, my Lord.
[*Alarum still.*

Clit. Fly, fly, my Lord, there is no tarrying here.

Brut. Farewel to you, and you, and you, *Volumnius.*
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep:
Farewel to thee, to *Strato*, Country-men:
My Heart doth joy, that yet in all my Life,
I found no Man, but he was true to me.
I shall have Glory, by this losing Day,
More than *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
By this vile Conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* Tongue
Hath

Hath almost ended his Life's History.
Night hangs upon mine Eyes, my Bones would rest,
How every thing is else
That have but labour'd to attain this Hour.

Alarum. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.

Clit. Fly, my Lord, fly.

Brut. Hence: I will follow.

I prithee, *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,
Thou art a Fellow of a good Respect;
Thy Life hath had some smatch of Honour in it:
Hold then my Sword, and turn away thy Face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato*?

Strat. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my Lord.

Brut. Farewel, good *Strato*—— *Cæsar*, now be still,
I kill'd not thee with half so good a Will.

Dies.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucillius, *and the Army.*

Octa. What Man is that?

Mess. My Master's Man. *Strato*, Where is thy Master?

Strat. Free from the Bondage you are in, *Messala*:
The Conquerors can but make a Fire of him;
For *Brutus* only overcame himself,
And no Man else hath Honour by his Death.

Lucil. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee, *Brutus*,
That thou hast prov'd *Lucillius*'s saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd *Brutus*, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy Time with me?

Strat. I, if *Messala* will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do so, good *Messala*.

Mess. How dyed my Master, *Strato*?

Strat. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Mess. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest Service to my Master.

Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:
All the Conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in Envy of great *Cæsar*;
He only, in a general honest Thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His Life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the World, This was a Man.

Octa. According to his Virtue let us use him,
With all Respect, and Rites of Burial.
Within my Tent his Bones to-night shall lye,
Most like a Soldier ordered Honourably.
So call the Field to rest, and let's away,
To part the Glories of this happy Day.

Exeunt Omnes.

Dramatis Personæ

TRAGEDY.

Julius Cæsar.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is now Acted

AT THE

Theatre Royal.

Written by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, and *Richard Bentley* at the Post-House, in *Russel-street*, *Covent-Garden*, 1691.

On this side *Tyber*, he hath left them you,
And to your Heirs for ever: common Pleasures,
To walk abroad, and Recreate your selves.
Here was a *Cæsar*: when comes such another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never: come, away, away:
We'll burn his Body in the Holy Place,
And with the Brands fire the Traytors Houses.
Take up the Body.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down Benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down Forms, Windows, any thing. [*Ex.* Plebeians.

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art a-foot,
Take thou what Course thou will.
How now, Fellow?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to *Rome*.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsar's* House.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a Wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this Mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid like Madmen, through the Gates of *Rome*.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the People,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cinna *the Poet, and after him the* Plebeians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,
And things unluckily charge my Fantasie:
I have no Will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

1 What is your Name?

2 Whither are you going?

3 Where do you dwell?

4 Are you a married Man, or a Batchelor?

2 Answer every Man directly.

1 I, and briefly.

4 I, and wisely.

3 I, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my Name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married Man or a Batchellor? Then to answer every Man, directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a Batchellor.

2 That's as much as to say, they are Fools that marry: you'll bear me a Bang for that I fear: proceed directly.

Cinna. Directly I am going to *Cæsar's* Funeral.

1 As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cinna. As a Friend.

2 That Matter is answered directly.

4 For your Dwelling; briefly.

Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 Your Name, Sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my Name is *Cinna.*

1 Tear him to pieces, he's a Conspirator.

Cinna. I am *Cinna*, the Poet; I am *Cinna*, the Poet.

4 Tear him, for his bad Verses; Tear him, for his bad Verses.

Cinna. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

4 It is no matter, his Name's *Cinna*; pluck but his Name out of his Heart, and turn him going.

3 Tear him, tear him; Come, Brands, ho, Fire-brands: to *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decius's* House, and some to *Casca's*, some to *Ligarius*. Away, go.

[*Exeunt all the Plebeians.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octavius, *and* Lepidus.

Ant. THese many then shall dye, their Names are prick'd.

Octav. Your Brother too must dye; consent you, *Lepidus?*

Lep. I do consent.

Octav. Prick him down, *Antony.*

Lep. Upon Condition *Publius* shall not live,
Who is your Sister's Son, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a Spot I damn him.
But, *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsar's* House:
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some Charge in Legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Octav. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Ex.* Lepidus.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable Man,
Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit,
The three-fold World divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Octav. So you thought him,
And took his Voice, who should be prick'd to dye,
In our black Sentence, and Proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you;
And though we lay these Honours on this Man,

To eaſe our ſelves of divers ſland'rous Loads,
He ſhall but bear them, as the Aſs bears Gold,
To groan and ſweat under the Buſineſs,
Either led or driven, as we point the Way:
And having brought our Treaſure, where we will,
Then take we down his Load, and turn him off,
(Like to the empty Aſs) to ſhake his Ears,
And graze in Commons.

Octav. You may do your Will:
But he's a tryed, and valiant Soldier.

Ant. So is my Horſe, *Octavius*, and for that
I do appoint him ſtore of Provender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on,
His corporal Motion, govern'd by my Spirit;
And in ſome taſte, is *Lepidus* but ſo:
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-ſpirited Fellow, one that feeds
On Objects, Arts, and Imitations,
Which out of uſe, and ſtal'd by other Men,
Begin his Faſhion. Do not talk of him,
But as a Property: And now, *Octavius*,
Liſten great things. *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are levying Powers: We muſt ſtraight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our beſt Friends made, our means ſtretch'd,
And let us preſently go ſit in Counſel,
How cover'e Matters may be beſt diſcover'd,
And open Perils ſureſt anſwered.

Octav. Let us do ſo: for we are at the Stake,
And bayed about with many Enemies:
And ſome that ſmile, have in their Hearts, I fear,
Millions of Miſchiefs. [*Exeunt.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucillius, *and the Army.* Titinius
and Pindarus *meet them.*

Brut. Stand, ho.

Lucil. Give the Word, ho, and ſtand.

Brut. What now, *Lucillius*, is *Caſſius* near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and *Pindarus* is come
To do you Salutation from his Maſter.

Brut. He greets me well. Your Maſter, *Pindarus*,
In his own Change, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me ſome worthy Cauſe to wiſh,
Things done, undone: But if he be at hand,
I ſhall be ſatisfied.

Pin.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appear
Such as he is, full of Regard and Honour.
Brut. He is not doubted. A word, *Lucilius*,
How he receiv'd you: let me be resolv'd.
Lucil. With Courtesie, and with Respect enough,
But not with such familiar Instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Brut. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Ever note, *Lucilius*,
When Love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no Tricks in plain and simple Faith:
But hollow Men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant Shew, and Promise of their Mettle:
[*Low March within.*
But when they should endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Crests; and, like deceitful Jades,
Sink in the Tryal. Comes his Army on?
Lucil. They mean this Night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd:
The greater Part, the Horse, in general,
Are come with *Cassius*.

Enter Cassius *and his Powers.*

Brut. Hark, he is arriv'd:
March gently on to meet him.
Cass. Stand, ho.
Brut. Stand, ho: speak the Word along.
Stand.
Stand.
Stand.
Cass. Most Noble Brother, you have done me Wrong.
Brut. Judge me, ye Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother?
Cass. *Brutus*, this sober Form of yours hides Wrongs,
And when you do them ——
Brut. *Cassius*, be content.
Speak your Griefs softly, I do know you well.
Before the Eyes of both our Armies here
(Which should perceive nothing but Love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my Tent, *Cassius*, enlarge your Griefs,
And I will give you Audience.
Cass. *Pindarus*,
Bid our Commanders lead their Charges off

A little

A little from this Ground.

Brut. Lucilius, do you the like, and let no Man
Come to our Tent, 'till we have done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our Door. [*Exeunt.*

[*Manent* Brutus *and* Cassius.

Cass. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted *Lucius Pella*,
For taking Bribes here of the *Sardians*,
Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the Man, was slighted off.

Brut. You wrong'd your self, to write in such a Case.

Cass. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice Offence should bear his Comment.

Brut. Let me tell you, *Cassius*, you your self
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palm,
To sell, and mart your Offices for Gold,
To Undeservers.

Cass. I an itching Palm?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speaks this,
Or, by the Gods, this Speech were else your last.

Brut. The Name of *Cassius* honours this Corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his Head.

Cass. Chastisement?

Brut. Remember *March*, the *Ides* of *March* remember:
Did not great *Julius* bleed for Justice sake?
What Villain touch'd his Body, that did stabb,
And not for Justice? What, shall one of Us,
That struck the foremost Man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers; shall we now,
Contaminate our Fingers, with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honours,
For so much Trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dog, and bay the Moon,
Than such a *Roman*.

Cass. *Brutus*, bait not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget your self,
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in Practice, abler than your self,
To make Conditions.

Brut. Go too: you are not *Cassius*.

Cass. I am.

Brut. I say, you are not.

Cass. Urge me no more, I shall forget my self;
Have mind upon your Health: Tempt me no farther.

Brut. Away, slight Man.

Cass. Is't possible?

Brut. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must

Must I give way and room to your rash Choler?
Shall I be frighted when a Mad-man stares?
Cass. O ye Gods, ye Gods! Must I endure all this?
Brut. All this? I, more: Fret till your proud Heart break:
Go, shew your Slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your Bond-men tremble. Must I bow?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your Testy Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleen,
Though it do split you. For, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my Mirth, yea, for my Laughter,
When you are Waspish.
Cass. Is it come to this?
Brut. You say you are a better Souldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of Noble-men.
Cass. You wrong me every way;
You wrong me, *Brutus*:
I said, an Elder Souldier, not a Better?
Did I say Better?
Brut. If you did, I care not.
Cass. When *Cæsar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Brut. Peace, Peace, you durst not so have tempted him.
Cass. I durst not?
Brut. No.
Cass. What? durst not tempt him?
Brut. For your Life you durst not.
Cass. Do not presume too much upon my Love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Brut. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no Terrour, *Cassius*, in your Threats:
For I am arm'd so strong in Honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle Wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain Summs of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I can raise no Money by vile Means:
By Heaven, I had rather coin my Heart,
And drop my Blood for Drachmaes, than to wring
From the hard hands of Peasants their vile Trash
By any Indirection. I did send
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Cassius*?
Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so?
When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous,
To lock such Rascal Counters from his Friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your Thunder-bolts,

Dash him to pieces.

Cass. I deny'd you not.

Brut. You did.

Cass. I did not! He was but a Fool
That brought my Answer back. *Brutus* hath riv'd my Heart:
A Friend should bear his Friend's Infirmities;
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Brut. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cass. You love me not.

Brut. I do not like your Faults.

Cass. A friendly Eye could never see such Faults.

Brut. A Flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.

Cass. Come, *Antony*, and young *Octavius*, come,
Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius*,
For *Cassius* is a-weary of the World:
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a Bond-man, all his Faults observ'd;
Set in a Note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by roat,
To cast into my Teeth. O, I could weep
My Spirit from mine Eyes. There is my Dagger,
And here my naked Breast: Within, a Heart
Dearer than *Pluto*'s Mine, richer than Gold:
If that thou beest a *Roman*, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart;
Strike as thou didst at *Cæsar*; For I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better,
Than ever thou lov'dst *Cassius*.

Brut. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have Scope:
Do what you will, Dishonour shall be Humour.
O *Cassius*, you are yoked with a Lamb,
That carries Anger, as the Flint bears Fire,
Who much inforced, shews a hasty Spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cass. Hath *Cassius* liv'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When Grief, and Blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Brut. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cass. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Brut. And my Heart too.

Cass. O *Brutus!*

Brut. What's the matter?

Cass. Have not you Love enough to bear with me,
When that rash Humour, which my Mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Brut. Yes, *Cassius*; and from henceforth

When

When you are over-earneſt with your *Brutus*,
He'll think your Mother chides, and leave you ſo.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to ſee the Generals,
There is ſome Grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. You ſhall not come to them.

Poet. Nothing but Death ſhall ſtay me.

Caſſ. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For ſhame, you Generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be Friends, as two ſuch Men ſhould be,
For I have ſeen more Years, I'm ſure, than ye.

Caſſ. Ha, ha, how vilely doth this *Cynick* rhyme!

Brut. Get you hence, Sirrah: Sawcy Fellow, hence.

Caſſ. Bear with him, *Brutus*; 'tis his Faſhion.

Brut. I'll know his Humour, when he knows his time:
What ſhould the Wars do with theſe Jigging Fools?
Companion, hence.

Caſſ. Away, away, be gone. [*Exit Poet.*

Brut. Lucillius, and *Titinius*, bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

Caſſ. And come your ſelves, and bring *Meſſala* with you,
Immediately to us.

Brut. Lucillius, a Bowl of Wine.

Caſſ. I did not think you could have been ſo angry.

Brut. O *Caſſius*, I am ſick of many Griefs.

Caſſ. Of your Philoſophy you make no uſe,
If you give place to accidental Evils.

Brut. No Man bears ſorrow better. *Portia* is dead.

Caſſ. Ha, *Portia*?

Brut. She is dead.

Caſſ. How 'ſcap'd I killing, when I croſt you ſo?
O inſupportable and touching Loſs!
Upon what Sickneſs?

Brut. Impatient of my Abſence.
And Grief, that young *Octavius*, with *Mark Antony*,
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong: For with her Death
That Tydings came. With this ſhe fell diſtract,
And (her Attendants abſent) ſwallow'd Fire.

Caſſ. And dy'd ſo?

Brut. Even ſo.

Caſſ. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy, *with Wine and Tapers.*

Brut. Speak no more of her: Give me a Bowl of Wine,
In this I bury all Unkindness, *Cassius.* [*Drinks.*

Cass. My Heart is thirsty for that Noble Pledge.
Fill, *Lucius*, till the Wine o'er-swell the Cup:
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus* Love.

Enter Titinius *and* Messala.

Brut. Come in, *Titinius*: Welcome, good *Messala*.
Now sit we close about this Taper here,
And call in question our Necessities.

Cass. Portia, art thou gone?

Brut. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received Letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*
Come down upon us with a mighty Power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

Mess. My self have Letters of the self-same Tenure.

Brut. With what Addition?

Mess. That by Proscription, and Bills of Outlawry,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*,
Have put to death an hundred Senators.

Brut. Therein our Letters do not well agree.
Mine speak of seventy Senators that dy'd
By their Proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Cass. *Cicero* one?

Mess. *Cicero* is dead, and by that Order of Proscription.
Had you your Letters from your Wife, my Lord?

Brut. No, *Messala*.

Mess. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?

Brut. Nothing, *Messala*.

Mess. That methinks is strange.

Brut. Why ask you?
Hear you ought of her in yours?

Mess. No, my Lord.

Brut. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.

Mess. Then, like a *Roman*, bear the Truth I tell,
For certain she is dead, and by strange Manner.

Brut. Why, farewel, *Portia*: We must dye, *Messala*:
With meditating that she must dye once,
I have the Patience to endure it now.

Mess. Even so great Men great Losses should endure.

Cass. I have as much of this in Art as you,

But

But yet my Nature could not bear it so.
Brut. Well, to our Work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* presently?
Cass. I do not think it good.
Brut. Your Reason?
Cass. This it is:
'Tis better that the Enemy seek us,
So shall he waste his Means, weary his Souldiers,
Doing himself Offence; whilst we lying still,
Are full of Rest, Defence, and Nimbleness.
Brut. Good Reasons must, of force, give place to better:
The People, 'twixt *Philippi* and this Ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd Affection:
For they have grudg'd us Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller Number up,
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd:
From which Advantage shall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
These People at our Back.
Cass. Hear me, good Brother.
Brut. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our Friends:
Our Legions are brim-full, our Cause is ripe,
The Enemy encreaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
Which, taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life
Is bound in Shallows, and in Miseries.
On such a full Sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the Current when it serves,
Or lose our Ventures.
Cass. Then with your Will go on: we'll along
Our selves, and meet them at *Philippi*.
Brut. The deep of Night is crept upon our Talk,
And Nature must obey Necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little Rest:
There is no more to say.
Cass. No more, good night:
Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Brut. *Lucius*, my Gown: farewel, good *Messala*, [*Ex.* Lucius.
Good night, *Titinius*; Noble, Noble *Cassius*,
Good night, and good repose.

Cass.

Caſſ. O my dear Brother!
This was an ill-beginning of the Night;
Never come ſuch Diviſion 'tween our Souls:
Let it not, *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius *with the Gown.*

Brut. Every thing is well.
Caſſ. Good night, my Lord.
Brut. Good night, good Brother.
Tit. Meſſa. Good night, Lord *Brutus*. [*Ex. Caſſ. Tit. Meſſal.*
Brut. Farewel, every one.
Give me the Gown. Where is thy Inſtrument?
Luc. Here in the Tent.
Brut. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily;
Poor Knave, I blame thee not, thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call *Claudio*, and ſome other of my Men,
I'll have them ſleep on Cuſhions in my Tent.
Luc. Varrus, and *Claudio*?

Enter Varrus *and* Claudio.

Var. Calls my Lord?
Brut. I pray you, Sirs, lie in my Tent and ſleep,
It may be I ſhall raiſe you by and by,
On buſineſs to my Brother *Caſſius*.
Var. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand,
And watch your Pleaſure.
Brut. I will not have it ſo: Lie down, good Sirs,
It may be I ſhall otherwiſe bethink me.
Look, *Lucius*, here's the Book I ſought for ſo;
I put it in the Pocket of my Gown.
Luc. I was ſure your Lordſhip did not give it me.
Brut. Bear with me, good Boy, I am much forgetful.
Canſt thou hold up thy heavy Eyes a while,
And touch thy Inſtrument a Strain or two.
Luc. I, my Lord, an't pleaſe you.
Brut. It does, my Boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my Duty, Sir.
Brut. I ſhould not urge thy Duty paſt thy Might,
I know young Bloods look for a time of Reſt.
Luc. I have ſlept, my Lord, already.
Brut. It was well done, and thou ſhalt ſleep again:
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee.

Muſick

Muſick and a Song.

This is a ſleepy Tune: O murd'rous Slumber!
Layeſt thou thy Leaden Mace upon my Boy,
That plays thee Muſick? Gentle Knave, good night:
I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee:
If thou doſt nod, thou break'ſt thy Inſtrument;
I'll take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.
Let me ſee; let me ſee; Is not the Leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghoſt of Cæſar.

How ill this Taper burns! Ha! Who comes here?
I think it is the Weakneſs of mine Eyes,
That ſhapes this monſtrous Apparition.
It comes upon me: Art thou any thing?
Art thou ſome God, ſome Angel, or ſome Devil,
That mak'ſt my Blood cold, and my Hair to ſtare?
Speak to me, What thou art?

Ghoſt. Thy evil Spirit, *Brutus.*

Brut. Why com'ſt thou?

Ghoſt. To tell thee, thou ſhalt ſee me at *Philippi.*

Brut. Well: then I ſhall ſee thee again?

Ghoſt. I, at *Philippi.*

Brut. Why, I will ſee thee at *Philippi* then:
Now I have taken Heart, thou vaniſheſt.
Ill Spirit, I would hold more Talk with thee.
Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudio*! Sirs, Awake:
Claudio.

Luc. The Strings, my Lord, are falſe.

Brut. He thinks he ſtill is at his Inſtrument.
Lucius, awake.

Luc. My Lord.

Brut. Didſt thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou ſo cried'ſt out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Brut. Yes, that thou didſt: Didſt thou ſee any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my Lord.

Brut. Sleep again, *Lucius*: Sirrah, *Claudio*, Fellow,
Thou, Awake.

Var. My Lord.

Claud. My Lord.

Brut. Why did you ſo cry out, Sirs, in your Sleep?

Both. Did we, my Lord?

Brut. I: ſaw you any thing?

Var. No, my Lord, I ſaw nothing.

Claud. Nor I, my Lord.

Brut. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Caſſius*:

Bid

Bid him set on his Powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their Army.*

Octav. NOw, *Antony*, our Hopes are answered;
You said the Enemy would not come down,
But keep the Hills, and upper Regions:
It proves not so: their Battels are at hand,
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here:
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their Bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: They could be content
To visit other Places, and come down
With fearful Bravery: thinking by this Face,
To fasten in our Thoughts, that they have Courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Messeng. Prepare you, Generals;
The Enemy comes on in gallant Shew:
Their bloody Sign of Battel is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your Battel softly on,
Upon the Left-hand of the even Field.

Octav. Upon the Right-hand I, keep thou the Left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this Exigent?

Octav. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, *and their Army.*

Brut. They stand, and would have Parley.

Cass. Stand fast, *Titinius*, we must out and talk.

Octav. Mark Antony, shall we give Sign of Battel?

Ant. No, *Cæsar*, we will answer on their Charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have some Words.

Octav. Stir not untill the Signal.

Brut. Words before Blows: Is it so, Countrymen?

Octav. Not that we love Words better, as you do.

Brut. Good Words are better than bad Strokes, *Octavius.*

Ant. In your bad Strokes, *Brutus*, you give good Words,

Witness

Witness the Hole you made in *Cæsar's* Heart,
Crying, long live, Hail, *Cæsar*.
Cass. *Antony*,
The Posture of your Blows are yet unknown;
But for your Words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,
And leave them Honey-less.
Ant. Not Stingless too.
Brut. O yes, and Soundless too:
For you have stolne their Buzzing, *Antony*,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains! You did not so, when your vile Daggers
Hackt one another in the Sides of *Cæsar*:
You shew'd your Teeth like Apes,
And fawn'd like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bond-men, kissing *Cæsar's* Feet;
Whilst damned *Casca*, like a Cur, behind,
Struck *Cæsar* on the Neck. O, you Flatterers!
Cass. Flatterers? Now *Brutus*, thank your self;
This Tongue had not offended so to day,
If *Cassius* might have rul'd.
Octa. Come, come, the Cause. If arguing make us sweat,
The Proof of it will turn to redder Drops:
Look, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When think you that the Sword goes up again?
Never, till *Cæsar's* three and thirty Wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another *Cæsar*
Have added Slaughter to the Sword of Traytors.
Brut. *Cæsar*, thou canst not die by Traytors Hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Octa. So I hope:
I was not born to die on *Brutus* Sword.
Brut. O, if thou were the Noblest of thy Strain,
Young Man, thou could'st not die more honourable.
Cass. A peevish School-boy, worthless of such Honour,
Joyn'd with a Masker, and a Reveller.
Ant. Old *Cassius* still.
Octa. Come, *Antony*: away:
Defiance, Traytors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field,
If not, when you have Stomachs.
[*Exit Octav. Ant. and the Army.*
Cass. Why now, blow Wind, swell Billow,
And swim Bark:
The Storm is up, and all is on the Hazard.
Brut. Ho, *Lucilius*, hark, a word with you.
[*Lucillius and Messala stand forth.*
Luc. My Lord.

Cass. Messala.

Messal. What says, my General?

Cass. Messala, this is my Birth-day: as this very day
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy hand, *Messala*:
Be thou my Witness, that against my Will
(As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to set
Upon one Battel all our Liberties,
You know that I held *Epicurus* strong,
And his Opinion: Now I change my Mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from *Sardis*, on our former Ensign
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd;
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,
Who to *Philippi* here consorted us:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And, in their steads, do Ravens, Crows, and Kites
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly Prey; their shadows seem
A Canopy most fatal, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give up the Ghost.

Messal. Believe not so.

Cass. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of Spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all Perils very constantly.

Brut. Even so, *Lucillius*.

Cass. Now, most Noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to day stand friendly,
Lovers in Peace, lead on our days to [illegible]
But since the Affairs of Men rest still [illegible]
Let's reason with the worst that may befall:
If we do lose this Battel, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Brut. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the Death,
Which he did give himself, I know not how:
But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life, arming my self with Patience,
To stay the Providence of some high Powers,
That govern us below.

Cass. Then, if we lose this Battel,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the Streets of *Rome*?

Brut. No, *Cassius*, No:
Think not, thou Noble *Roman*,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*,

He

He bears too great a Mind, But this same day
Must end that Work, the *Ides of March* begun,
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting Farewel take:
For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Cæsar*!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this Parting was well made.
Cass. For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Brutus*!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this Parting was well made.
Brut. Why then lead on. O, that a Man might know
The End of this Day's Business, ere it come:
But it sufficeth, that the Day will end,
And then the End is known. Come, ho, away. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus *and* Messala.

Brut. Ride, ride, *Messala*, ride, and give these Bills
Unto the Legions, on the other [*Loud Alarum.*
Let them set on at once: for I perceive
But cold Demeanor in *Octavio*'s Wing:
And sudden Push gives them the overthrow:
Ride, ride, *Messala*, let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter Cassius *and* Titinius.

Cass. O look, *Titinius*, look, the Villains fly:
My self have to mine own turn'd Enemy.
This Ensign here of mine was turning back,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.
Titin. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,
Who having some Advantage on *Octavius*,
Took it too eagerly, his Soldiers fell to Spoil,
Whilst we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pind. Fly further off, my Lord: fly further off:
Mark Antony is in your Tents, my Lord:
Fly therefore, Noble *Cassius*, fly far off.
Cass. This Hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titinius*!
Are those my Tents where I perceive the fire?
Titin. They are, my Lord.
Cass. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my Horse, and hide thy Spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troops,

And here again, that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' Troops are Friend or Enemy.

Titin. I will be here again, even with a Thought. [*Ex.*

Cass. Go, *Pindarus*, get higher on that Hill,
My Sight was ever thick; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the Field.
This day I breathed first, time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My Life is run his Compass. Sirrah, what News?

Pind. above. O, my Lord!

Cass. What News?

Pind. Titinius is enclosed round about
With Horse-men, that make to him on the Spur,
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him:
Now, *Titinius*. Now, some Light: O, he lights too;
He's ta'en. [*Shout.*
And, hark, they shout, for Joy.

Cass. Come down, behold no more.
O Coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best Friend ta'en before my Face.

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, Sirrah: In *Parthia* did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saving of thy Life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine Oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword,
That ran through *Cæsar*'s Bowels, search this Bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the Hilts,
And when my Face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword —— *Cæsar*, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the Sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies on his Sword.*

Pind. So, I am free;
Yet would not so have been
Durst I have done my Will. O *Cassius!*
Far from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never *Roman* shall take note of him.

Enter Titinius *and* Messala.

Mess. It is but change, *Titinius*: for *Octavius*
Is overthrown, by Noble *Brutus* Power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

Titin. These Tydings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Mess. Where did you leave him.

Titin. All disconsolate,

With

With *Pindarus* his Bond-man, on this Hill.

Messa. Is not that he that lies upon the Ground?

Titin. He lies not like the Living. O, my Heart!

Messa. Is not that he?

Titin. No, this was he, *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sun!
As in thy red Rays thou dost sink to-night;
So in his red Blood *Cassius* day is set.
The Sun of *Rome* is set. Our day is gone,
Clouds, Dews, and Dangers come; our Deeds are done:
Mistrust of my Success hath done this Deed.

Messa. Mistrust of good Success hath done this Deed.
O hateful Errour, Melancholy's Child:
Why do'st thou shew to the apt Thoughts of Men
The things that are not? O Error soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy Birth,
But kill'st the Mother that engender'd thee.

Titin. What, *Pindarus*? Where art thou, *Pindarus*?

Messa. Seek him, *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this Report
Into his Ears; I may say, thrusting it:
For piercing Steel, and Darts invenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the Ears of *Brutus*,
As Tydings of this Sight.

Titin. Hie you, *Messala*,
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while: [*Ex.* Messa.
Why did'st thou send me forth, brave *Cassius*?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Brows this Wreath of Victory,
And bid me give it thee? Did'st thou not hear their Shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*:
By your leave, Gods: This is a *Roman*'s Part,
Come *Cassius* Sword, and find *Titinius* Heart. [*Kills himself.*

Alarum. *Enter* Brutus, *Messala*, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, *and* Lucilius.

Brut. Where, where, *Messala*, doth his Body lie?

Messa. Loe, yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Brut. *Titinius*'s Face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Brut. O *Julius Cæsar*! thou art mighty yet;
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our Swords
In our own proper Entrails. [*Low Alarums.*

Cato. Brave *Titinius*!
Look, where he have not Crown'd dead *Cassius*!

Brut.

Brut. Are yet two *Romans* living, such as these?
The last of all the *Romans*, fare thee well.
It is impossible, that ever *Rome*
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more Tears
To this dead Man, than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, *Cassius*, I shall find time.
Come therefore, and to *Thasos* send his Body:
His Funeral shall not be in our Camp,
Left it discomfort us. *Lucilius*, come,
And come, young *Cato*, let us to the Field,
Labio and *Flavio*, set our Battels on.
'Tis Three a Clock, and Romans yet are Night,
We shall try Fortune in a second fight.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Cato, Lucillius, &c.

Brut. Yet, Country-men; O yet, hold up your Heads.
Cato. What Bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my Name about the Field.
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Country's Friend.
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

Enter Souldiers, and fight.

Brut. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I;
Brutus, my Country's Friend; know me for *Brutus*.
Luc. O young and Noble *Cato*! art thou down?
Why, now thou dyest, as bravely as *Titinius*,
And may'st be honour'd, being *Cato's* Son.
Sold. Yield, or thou dyest.
Luc. Only I yield to dye:
There is so much, that thou will kill me straight:
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his Death.
Sold. We must not: A Noble Prisoner.

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Room, ho: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.
1 *Sold.* I'll tell the News. Here comes the General,
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my Lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe, *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no Enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus*:
The Gods defend him from so great a Shame,
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.
Ant. This is not *Brutus*, Friend, but, I assure you,
A Prize no less in Worth; keep this Man safe,
Give him all Kindness. I had rather have
Such Men my Friends, than Enemies. Go on,
And see where *Brutus* be alive or dead,

And bring us word, unto *Octavius* Tent
How every thing is chanc'd.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Brut. Come, poor Remains of Friends, rest on this Rock.
Clit. Statilius shew'd the Torch-light, but, my Lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en,
Brut. Sit thee down *Clitus*: Slaying is the Word,
It is a Deed in Fashion. Hark thee,
Clit. What, I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.
Brut. Peace then, no words.
Clit. I'll rather kill my self.
Brut. Hark thee,
Dard. Shall I do such a Deed?
Clit. O *Dardanius*!
Dard. O *Clitus*!
Clit. What ill Request did
Dard. To kill
Clit. Now is that
That it runs over, even at
Brut. Come hither, good
Volumn. What says, my Lord?
Brut. Why this,
The Ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd
Two several times by
And this last Night, here in
I know my hour is come.
Volumn. Not so, my Lord.
Brut. Nay, I am sure it is,
Thou see'st the World,
Our Enemies have beat us to the Pit:
It is more worthy to leap in our selves,
Than tarry till they push
Thou know'st, that we two went to School together;
Even for that our Love of old,
Hold thou my Sword Hilts,
Volumn. That's not an
Clit. Fly, fly, my Lord,
Brut. Farewel to you,
Strato, thou hast been all this
Farewel to thee, to *Strato*, Country-man:
My Heart doth joy, that yet
I found no Man, but he
I shall have Glory, by this
More than *Octavius*,
By this vile Conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* Tongue

Hath

Hath almost ended his Life's History:
Night hangs upon mine Eyes, my Bones would [illegible]
That have but labour'd to attain this Hour.

[illegible]

Clit. Fly, my [illegible]
Brut. [illegible]
I prithee, [illegible]
Thou art a [illegible]
Thy Life [illegible]
Hold then my [illegible]
While I do [illegible]
Strat. Give [illegible] hand first. Fare you well, my Lord.
Brut. [illegible] Strat. [illegible] Cæsar, [illegible]
I kill'd not thee [illegible] half so good a Will. [illegible]

[illegible]

Octa. What [illegible]
Mess. My [illegible]
Strat. [illegible]
The Conqueror [illegible]
For *Brutus* [illegible]
And no Man else hath Honour [illegible]
Lucil. So *Brutus* should be [illegible]
That thou hast prov'd [illegible]
Octa. All [illegible]
Fellow, wilt thou [illegible]
Strat. [illegible]
Octa. [illegible]
Mess. [illegible]
Strat. [illegible]
Mess. [illegible] fam to follow [illegible]
That did the latest Service to my Master.
Ant. [illegible]
All the [illegible]
Did that they did in Envy of [illegible]
[illegible] is a general honest [illegible]
And common good to all, [illegible]
His Life was gentle, and the Elements
So mint in him, [illegible]
And say to all the World, [illegible]
Octa. According to his Vertue [illegible]
With all Respect, and Rites of Burial.
Within my Tent his Bones to night [illegible]
Most like a Soldier ordered Honour [illegible]
So call the Field to rest, and let's [illegible]
To part the Glories of this [illegible] [Ex. Omnes.

FINIS.